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Vol. 145 April 6, 1927 No. 14

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?

There'll be 100 questions in next week's issue of The Outlook. You've just a week to read over your back numbers, so that you can be prepared for the quiz. Questions and answers will be from the issues of The Outlook for the last three months.

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Springfield, Missouri

The Outlook

Volume 145 April 6, 1927 Number 14

On Second Trial

ROY ASA HAYNES has been appointed Acting Commissioner in charge of the newly created Federal Bureau of Prohibition. The Outlook believes that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon made a serious mistake in this selection. The hopeful feature is that Mr. Haynes has not been appointed Commissioner, but only Acting Commissioner, and that permanent appointment of another and better-qualified man may come soon. Because of a last-minute change in the wording of the bill, the Bureau of Prohibition had to begin functioning three months earlier than was contemplated. It may have been impossible for Secretary Mellon so quickly to reach a decision as to a permanent appointment and that the designation of Mr. Haynes, already in the office, as Acting Commissioner was the simplest, if not the best, temporary solution.

Mr. Haynes was appointed by President Harding Commissioner in charge of the Prohibition Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. For four years or more he had practically a free hand. He did not succeed in a way that commended his efforts to disinterested persons who wished to see prohibition enforced. The character of enforcement agents became notoriously bad. Violations increased in numbers and in flagrance. Of course, it may be said in Mr. Haynes's defense that he was hampered by being subordinate to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue; but, even so, his record does not inspire confidence.

General Lincoln C. Andrews was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and took active charge of prohibition enforcement. Mr. Haynes was left in the position of Commissioner, but with only minor duties and responsibilities. Vigorous enforcement measures were put in force and have to a considerable extent succeeded. One of the measures that General Andrews fought hardest for was a law creating an independent Bureau of Prohibition. This law was passed in the last days of the recent session of Congress, and the appointment just made placed Mr. Haynes at the head of it.

Mr. Haynes is reputed to have had the support of the Anti-Saloon League.

Wide World

Major Roy A. Haynes appears pleased with his new appointment as Acting Prohibition Commissioner. This photograph was taken soon after the announcement of his appointment was made

He has a reputation, partly acquired and partly inherited, as a prohibition crusader. The slogan used in his behalf was, "Keep prohibition in the hands of its friends." If this appointment came as a reward for services, those services must have been exerted toward making prohibition a law rather than toward making it a fact. Mr. Haynes has now a better organization than he had before and a force of enforcement agents subject to Civil Service requirements. He has therefore a good opportunity to wipe out the remembrance of his past failure.

Medicinal Liquor a Bone of Contention

ALREADY, according to newspaper reports, there is friction between Commissioner Haynes and Assistant Secretary Andrews over methods of concentrating medicinal liquor now in distillery and other warehouses and over the question of permitting distillation to maintain the supply. In that controversy Mr. Haynes has the opportunity, doubtless, of gaining a considerable measure of popular support.

General Andrews, it has seemed to The Outlook, was particularly unfortunate in his advocacy of the medicinal liquor bill of the last session, the so-called Green-Andrews Bill, which would have put the Government into the liquor business in association with distillers and others. The Ways and Means Committee of the House refused to report this bill, but, instead, submitted another and much better bill for the regulation of medicinal liquor. Neither bill was passed, however, and both have been severely condemned by the National and by most of the State associations of druggists. An extensive advertising campaign was carried on, designed to show the dangerous features of both bills.

The druggists assert that there is already ample authority of law to do all that needs to be done with regard to making and storing medicinal liquor. And, since no additional legislation was enacted, plans must be made under the terms of the Volstead Act. If General

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Andrews is correctly quoted in the newspapers, he still favors a combination of distillers, with Government sanction. Mr. Haynes presumably favors continuance of the present system of warehousing and distribution.

Some Forgotten Facts

POST hoc, ergo propter hoc. That is prohibition. Those who believe in it credit it with everything good that has come about since the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Those who do not believe in it condemn it for everything bad that has come about since that event.

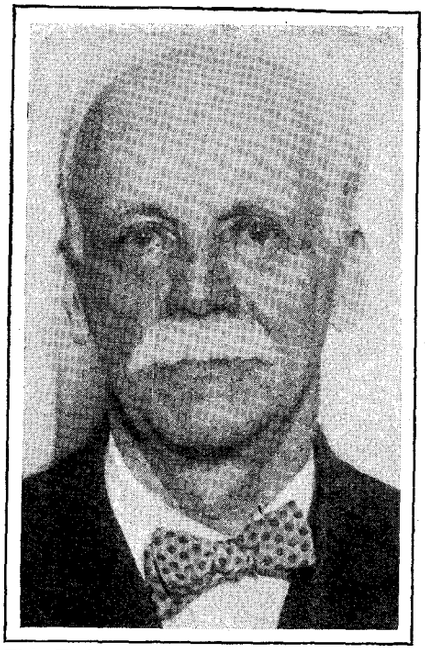
Mrs. Martha Bensley Bruère states this situation as the result of eight months of investigation by the National Federation of Settlements. A series of articles by Mrs. Bruère was recently published in the New York "Herald Tribune."

Neither the friends nor the foes of prohibition are wholly right, of course, as Mrs. Bruère points out. Not all of the increase in savings accounts is due wholly to prohibition. A greater measure of general prosperity has had some effect. On the other hand, the reputed prevalence of "wild parties" of boys and girls is not wholly due to prohibition. The automobile, giving them a larger latitude; the lauding by the press of notorious offenders, giving youth an adventurous impulse to imitation—these and many other things aside from prohibition have played a part.

But the investigation did not show these drinking parties to be so prevalent as they have been reported. It did not, indeed, show any of the reputed evils to be as great as they have been reported. It showed that in every section of the country there is much less apparent drunkenness than in pre-prohibition days. This showing is based, not merely on the smaller number of drunken persons seen on the streets and in other public places, but also in the greater efficiency of workmen and the almost total disappearance of drunkenness as the cause of poverty in charity cases.

The investigation confirmed what might have been logically deduced beforehand—that prohibition was measurably effective for a time; that violators effected close organization and conditions became worse; that now enforcement organization is catching up with lawless organization and conditions are becoming better again. That improvement is shown to be universal—in the large cities, in smaller cities, in the rural districts.

That improvement is not to be, of course, dramatically swift. Mrs. Bruère speaks of the next twenty-five years as a period of trial. No one should be disappointed if a longer period than that should elapse before the law is so thoroughly observed that everybody will admit that it works.



Wide World

Caleb H. Baumes

The President of The Outlook Company once ran against him for a seat in the New York Legislature. We put this in as a piece of news that Mr. Baumes may never have heard of

Perhaps the greatest good to be accomplished by Mrs. Bruère's articles comes from the fact that they show certain evils now complained of to have existed before the Eighteenth Amendment was in force. There are bootleggers and "speakeasies" now, but there were bootleggers and "speakeasies" under the régime of the saloon—directly supported by the brewers and the distillers, according to the statements of competent witnesses quoted by Mrs. Bruère. Some minors drink now, but it was no uncommon thing for minors to get drunk in saloons. Some boys and girls drink together now, but some boys and girls always did drink together.

Wide World

This picture of Bobby Jones is an evidence both of his skill and of the continual improvement in the process of transmitting pictures by wire. The picture shows the redoubtable golfer clasping his latest trophy, emblematic of his sweeping victory in the Southern Open Championship. The picture was telegraphed from Atlanta to New York

Those are facts that all who are old enough once knew, but many appear to have forgotten them. To have them recalled in a manner so authoritative should be helpful.

Fostering Crime

THE New York State Legislature has seen fit in its closing hours to kill all but seven of the forty-one well-considered laws drafted by the Baumes Commission as a part of its efforts to curb crime.

The effectiveness of the acts fostered by this body, now in effect, is undeniable. That all the amendments proposed were vital need not be assumed; that those which have now passed will help society against the lawless is likely; but some of the defeated bills were important, notably one dealing effectively with the "fence," as the person dealing in stolen goods is best known.

Without a market theft would not thrive, and large operations, such as silk and fur robberies, would probably be much reduced. The law has had small success in dealing with the receiver, even though he is rated as bad as the thief. Tammany Assemblymen are credited with the demise of this and other measures offered. There are enough up-State Republicans to have carried them had they been as concerned about crime as they are about politics.

The work of the Baumes Commission cannot be considered lost, however. It has made the sanest study of criminality the State has known, and its conclusions are sound and workable. Behind the defeat, however, stands that curious sentiment of sympathy for rogues that lies deep in the human heart, and which all too often justifies the bitter lines of Sophocles:

Evil survives—the gods protect it ever;
Villain and knave, they respite from the tomb;
To save the gentle, just, they ne'er endeavor;
But such to death are readiest to doom.

Yet the seven measures passed by the Legislature mark another step in

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advance. Perhaps in another session the real profiteers in professional crime may not fare so well as they have fared so far.

Power from Sea Water

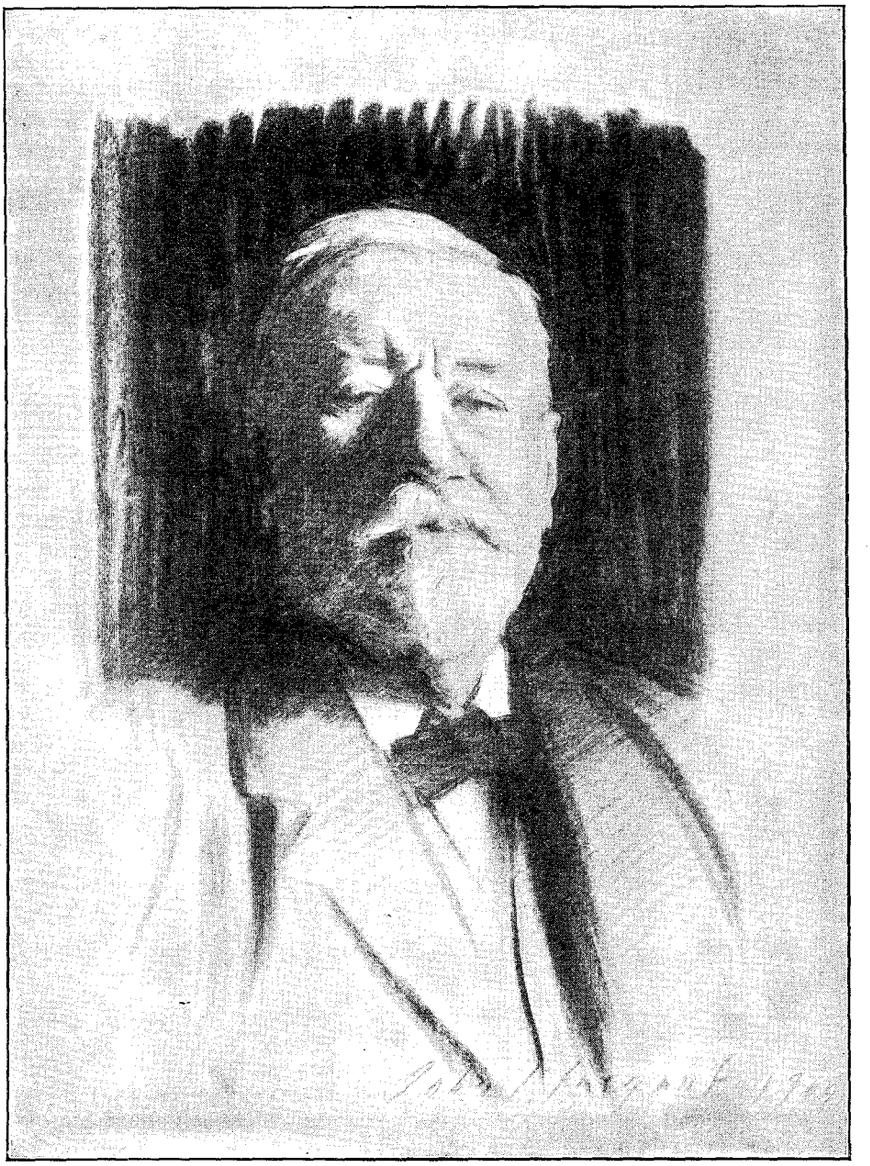
SCIENTISTS and engineers have heard a great deal of late about an ambitious plan announced by the French scientist Georges Claude, who proposes to generate immense amounts of energy by taking advantage of the fact that in the tropics the surface water of the sea is warm and the bottom water is practically ice water. The plan has received considerable newspaper publicity, and the response of the average reader seems to vary all the way from serious acceptance to smiling dismissal. Yet it is, in our opinion, neither economical, on the one hand, nor chimerical, on the other.

What Dr. Claude proposes to do is to erect an immense power plant on some tropical shore and extend large conduits to the bottom of the sea, reaching cold water at a few thousand feet depth. Through these conduits he would draw up water and use it to chill a mammoth steam condenser. This condensation of the contained steam would constantly create a vacuum, and in a vacuum water boils at ordinary room temperatures. Warm surface water would therefore be turned to steam or vapor. The steam produced would drive large turbines, and would then be condensed to maintain the vacuum as mentioned above. Thus the cycle would go on continuously. In theory the plan is utterly simple, and any physicist knows it would work. Claude himself is a distinguished physicist and already has to his credit several highly important industrial inventions.

But Would It Pay?

SOME of us may find it hard to believe that water can be boiled at such a low temperature (80° to 85° as an average for surface water in the tropics). This difficulty, however, exists only because we are so accustomed to think of water boiling in teakettles at 212° (at ordinary sea-level atmospheric pressure). Yet on a mountain water boils at a considerably lower temperature, which explains why cooking takes place so slowly there. Carry the reduction of atmospheric pressure much further, and we reach Dr. Claude's figures: steam at eighty-odd degrees. This steam would, however, have a pressure of only one-half pound per square inch, compared with, say, 250 pounds in modern locomotive boilers. Therefore, to make up for this low pressure, a correspondingly greater volume of water must be converted to steam; and there, if anywhere, is the rub—the required installation would have to be very many times greater than those we now have, and the investment would be equally increased. Every second, in order to produce half a million horse-power—the capacity of a great steam power plant at the present day—about 30,000 cubic feet of water would have to be boiled away into steam. Any engineer would consider that a staggering volume of water to evaporate each second; any engineer would whistle when told of it.

Yet, given the money, there is nothing to prevent its being accomplished. But would it pay? Many are doubtful whether it would pay so long as we have coal. Yet Dr. Claude, who is now in this country, has never been the kind of man to propose half-baked ideas. Certain it is, at any rate, that the energy stored in sea water in the form of heat is almost unbelievably stupendous. To give a rough idea of the order of magnitude involved, it is known that the sun while it shines sheds more than 2,000,000 horse-power on each square mile of the earth and sea. Only a fraction is absorbed by the water; yet when we begin to multiply this by the available areas in square miles the potentialities mount up into rows of ciphers like those that are handled only by astronomers and modern ministers of finance. Perhaps our grandchildren will hear more of the Claude plan.



From original drawing by John Singer Sargent

Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, internationally famed for his horticultural achievements

Charles Sprague Sargent

CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT, for fifty-six years director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard, is dead. Some time soon a movement will be launched to erect to him a suitable monument. It will be a movement futile except in so far as it may enable those who loved him to feel that they have done something to honor the memory of a great man. His monuments are builded, numerous and enduring.

The Arnold Arboretum is his monu-

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ment. He took an inadequate fund, a worn-out farm, a willing spirit, and "in a few years," as it seemed to him, transformed them into the greatest arboretum on earth. That it is the greatest is indicated by the fact that a few years ago a Chinese came there to make an exhaustive study of the trees of China.

"The Silva of North America" is his monument. John Muir read it as he would have read a novel, and regretted that there was not more of it. It consists of only fourteen volumes!

Thousands of gardens in America and in Europe are his monuments. They have been made lovely by the trees and plants which he searched the world for and propagated.

The wooded sides of the Adirondacks are his monuments. He laid the foundation of the New York State forestry work and saved the mountain woods.

The redwood forests of the Pacific coast are his monument. His was the leading spirit in the movement which saved the giant trees.

Glacier National Park is his monument. He made the first proposal for the setting aside of that region as a park —thirty years before it was actually set aside.

The multiplied millions of acres of National Forests are his monument. Establishment of the National Forest policy resulted from the study of the National Academy of Science Commission, of which he was chairman. He took the leading part in inducing President Cleveland to make the first reservation of 21,000,000 acres. Later, when pressure against the policy was heavy and President McKinley was ready to turn the Forest Reserves back into the public domain, he took the leading part in inducing the Chief Executive to change his mind.

No monument that can be erected will equal the least of these, for, as commemorating the achievements of such a man,

> Marble is dust,
> Cold and repellent,
> And iron is rust.

A Libeler of Religion

A MAN in Toronto, in a paper which he ironically called "Christian Inquirer," published an attack on the "God of the Bible." A reader found the language so offensive that he made complaint to the King's attorney, on the ground that the publication was in violation of a law against blasphemous libels. The accused was tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, with deportation recommended.

As thus stated in its barest outline, this incident seems like a reversion to the sixteenth century. So accustomed have we become to the principle of freedom of speech that we assume that any one is free to say anything on any subject he pleases. This, however, is not strictly true. The law everywhere holds men responsible for abuse of their freedom if they libel the character and reputation of others. In Canada the law holds that to be libel which brings religious faith to contempt or ridicule; but it distinctly provides "that no one is guilty of a blasphemous libel for expressing in good faith and in decent language, or attempting to establish by arguments used in good faith and conveyed in decent language, any opinion whatever upon any religious subject." The question in this case, therefore, was one of fact—whether the language was decent or not.

That the publisher of this statement was guilty of using vulgar and offensive terms there can be no doubt. Whether a man who offends in this way, however, can best be dealt with by law is a serious question. The attempt to deal with it by law is open to grave abuses. In any community of self-respecting and decent people an offender of this sort can most safely be left to the obscurity to which public opinion will relegate him.

Drowned Towns

FIVE towns and villages in the central part of Massachusetts are leisurely planning to yield to an artificial flood which will completely drown them and will submerge important parts of other towns, all to insure continued health and prosperity to a distant but far larger population. Boston must have more water for drinking and for manufacturing. Investigations have determined that the best source is the Swift and Ware Rivers. To make this supply available a lake of approximately 40,000 acres will be created. Two thousand people are to be dispossessed; 1,000 buildings will be razed; the purity and quantity of water will be insured; the bill will be $60,000,000.

A study is now being made of the equities involved. Compensation for personal property and for consequential damages to the town tradesmen and others who will suffer loss of livelihood must be determined; even the removal of cemeteries must be arranged for. Furthermore, the 1,800,000 people of the metropolitan district of Boston may well expect to pay the town and county taxes upon the property submerged, in order that the town and county taxable assets may not be unduly depleted; and so on through the complicated details of preparing for the lake, even to the utmost personal minutiæ.

But a more complicated question is whether municipalities, and even other States, are entitled to compensation for the diversion of water which has habitually been regarded by them as of value chiefly to "flush the sewage" dumped into the natural watercourses, not because that is the best means of disposal but because, up to the present, it is the "cheapest" method. Representative O'Connor, of the town of Palmer, Massachusetts, has asked for "protection against the cost of a sewer system in case the loss of water may require its construction." It has even been seriously suggested in Connecticut that the proposed diversion of tributary waters may menace the public health. Officials of the State assert that "the flood waters of the Connecticut River are depended upon to flush the bed of the river" of the accumulated sewage sludge and débris of civilization.

The answer is, not to attempt to interfere with the machinery which seeks to allocate the public waters to their highest use, but to modify as speedily as possible such existing practices of waste and sewage disposal as are likely to complicate life.

Joseph Lister's Centennial

THE fifth of April is the centennial of the birth of Joseph Lister, whose introduction of antiseptic methods to surgery had "saved more lives by the end of the nineteenth century than all the losses of life through war in the eighteenth century." Yet the celebration of this hundredth anniversary, which is engaging the Royal College of Surgeons in England for two or three days, is inconsequential in comparison with the triumphal recognition which Baron Lister received for more than thirty years prior to his death in 1912.

It was at the time of the American Civil War that Joseph Lister began his work of defeating the infection that accompanied a frightfully large proportion of wounds and surgical operations. Then, as still a young man, he had laid the brilliant foundations of his career as a surgeon. He was Professor of Surgery at the University of Glasgow. But even the most accomplished surgical practice was nearly futile, for "blood poisoning," or gangrene, or erysipelas, or tetanus, followed frequently and could not be stayed. After the surgeons' skill had done its utmost, recovery depended, without antisepsis, entirely on chance.

As house surgeon of the University College Hospital in London Joseph Lis-

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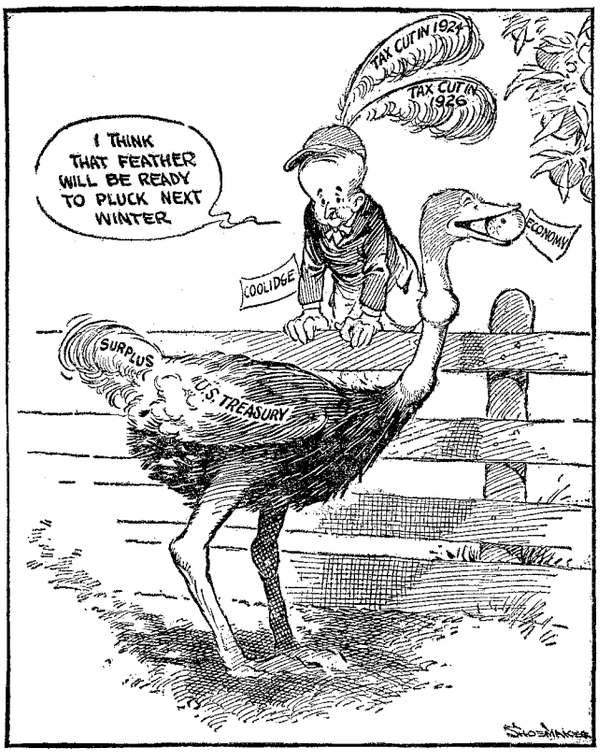
Darby College Library
Springfield, Missouri

In progress to be hatched

(Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene 2)

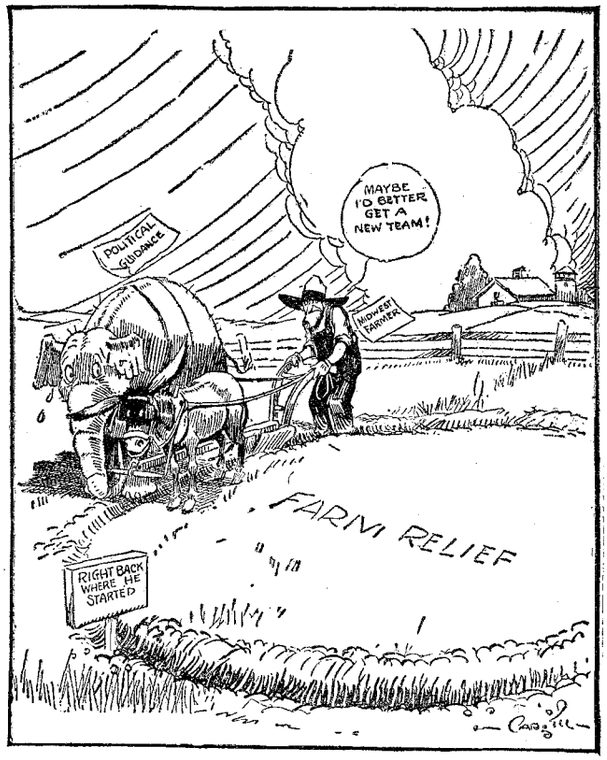
Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News



Prospects of another feather in his cap

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

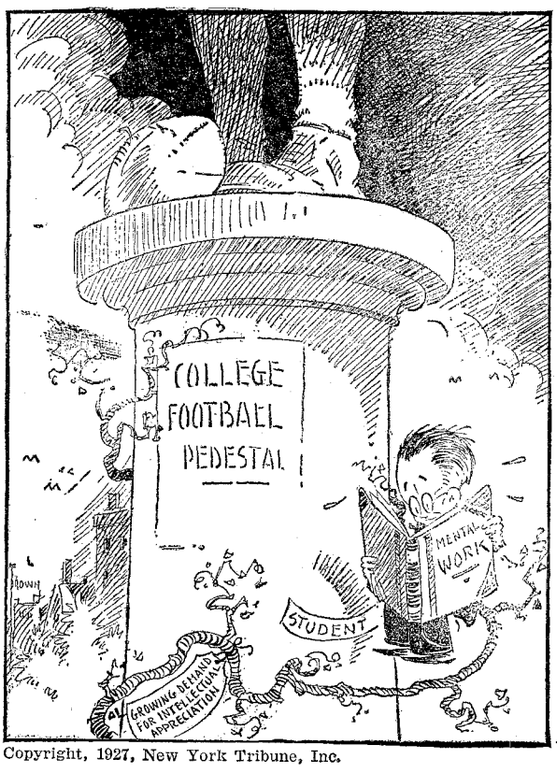
Cargill in the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times



Getting nowhere fast

From Mrs. W. R. Wean, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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Another Jack and the Beanstalk

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Kirby in the New York World

Coming out of the mists

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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ter had earlier made penetrative studies of an outbreak of gangrene. He had assured himself that the cause was local in the wounds of the patients. The fact that ordinary bone fractures healed without fever, whereas fractures which broke the skin frequently caused death, was further material for his productive course of thought. Reading one of Pasteur's papers on "germs" as the cause of putrefaction resolved Lister's study into definite action. He experimented for himself, and concluded that the way to prevent festering was to keep away from wounds the germs which were in the air.

To do that Lister tried applying dressings soaked in carbolic acid, which had been used at Carlisle, in England, to allay the foul odors of sewage, and which he rightly concluded therefore destroyed germs. He was thus successful in saving compound-fractured limbs, which previously had customarily been amputated, and that with many fatal results. This satisfactory treatment led Lister to extend the application of carbolic acid to abscesses and surgical wounds, with the same vastly beneficent outcome. Soon hospitals which had been devotedly clean houses of death became modern, antiseptic infirmaries.

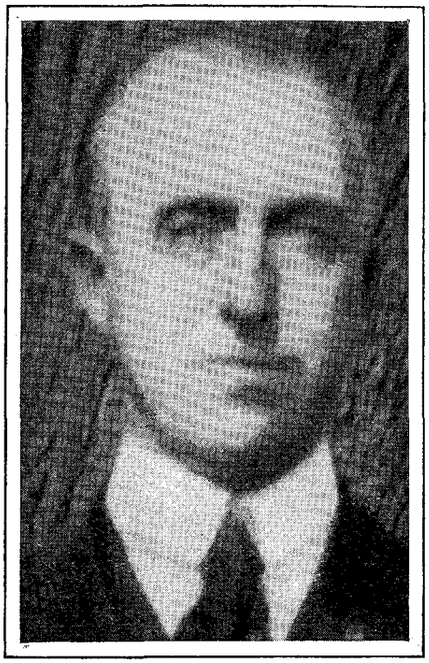
Joseph Lister, soon to be Sir Joseph Lister, extended his work to the study of means of closing wounds. The silk or flax then used in stitching often became a center of infection. Lister tried silk which had been soaked in carbolic acid. Festering ceased; but still he found that the thread remained in the body as a source of irritation. He saw the need of a sewing material which could be absorbed by the tissues of the body. Consequently he, first, used "catgut," which is prepared from one of the constituents of the small intestine of sheep.

So the unfettered scientific thinking of a young Quaker surgeon carried on the flame of knowledge, given him by Pasteur, to the liberation of surgery, to the alleviation of suffering, and to the preservation of life.

A Nation's Hero in Need

To people who amuse them or supply them with luxuries Americans give lavishly; but to people who have sacrificed much to save them from suffering, disaster, and that worst of evils, haunting, paralyzing fear, Americans are too often indifferent. They pay their entertainers well, but neglect their benefactors and heroes. That, at least, seems to be true in many cases, if not in all, and is particularly true in the case of those who risked death and worse to wipe out the scourge of yellow fever.

What a scourge that was most people have already forgotten. When it visited a city terror ruled. In 1793 an epidemic in Philadelphia killed one out of every ten of the population. In 1855 a great epidemic swept through New Orleans. In the epidemic of 1878, 25,000 people fled from Memphis, Tennessee. During



The hero of one of the great campaigns of the last century. This is John R. Kissinger, the story of whose courage and suffering is told in the accompanying editorial

the nineteenth century yellow fever visited the United States seventy-seven times. In one instance, out of 1,500 soldiers yellow fever killed 1,411. It is impossible to imagine what this enemy of mankind did to sear the hearts and lives of Americans as long as it remained uncontrolled because mysterious. Those who can think best in terms of money may imagine what it cost the United States when the fact is stated that one epidemic alone is estimated to have cost $100,000,000. The story of the conquest of this scourge is too long to tell here. It is one of the most dramatic stories in American history. But the part that one man played can be sketched.

In 1900 the theory that yellow fever was transmitted by a certain kind of mosquito was unsupported by scientific evidence. Two doctors voluntarily submitted to the bites of infected mosquitoes. One survived, the other died. There was still lacking proof, however, that the mosquito was the sole culprit. So Major Walter Reed, of the United States Army Medical Corps, called for volunteers. Among the first was John R. Kissinger.

He and one other, when accepted, were offered money remuneration. They refused it. Major Reed, addressing these two privates, said: "Gentlemen, I salute you." Later he wrote of them: "In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

John R. Kissinger was the first to be submitted to the test. He was stricken with yellow fever. His case proved the theory. He recovered; but since that day he has not been a thoroughly well man. To-day he is living in straitened circumstances. It is true, Congress in 1911 granted him one hundred dollars a month. Earlier he had received for a while a pension of twelve dollars a month, but afterwards (1922) that was taken from him and a demand was made upon him that the total amount of that pension paid to him from 1911 to 1922 be repaid to the Government. Congress, fortunately, saved the country from the disgrace of enforcing that demand.

There is a plan on foot to supply him and his faithful wife (who is about to undergo a serious operation) with a home. The sum of $5,000 is needed for this, not only to save him from homelessness, but also to provide some other hero with a home later. For putting that plan into practical effect honor is due to a biology teacher, Mr. James E. Peabody. Checks sent to the John R. Kissinger Relief Fund, in care of the American Association for Medical Progress, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, will be acknowledged and applied to this purpose. A much larger sum, for the benefit of other martyrs to science and humanity, can be used to advantage. We hope our readers who can afford to pay some slight tribute to what this man has done for them and their country will be generous.

Wars and Rumors of Wars

I—Russia Wins in China

THE end of a period is being recorded in the civil war in China—the period of trade and missionary enterprise under agreements affording special privileges to foreigners.

The sweep northward of the Nationalists from Canton has proved to be more than a drive against the militarists of the North. It is also a concerted drive against alien residents in China—primarily against the British, but also against Americans, French, and most other Westerners, and against the Japanese. What the next period of relations with China will be like no one can say. But it seems certain that the old arrangements are gone beyond recall.

The immediate duty of our Govern-

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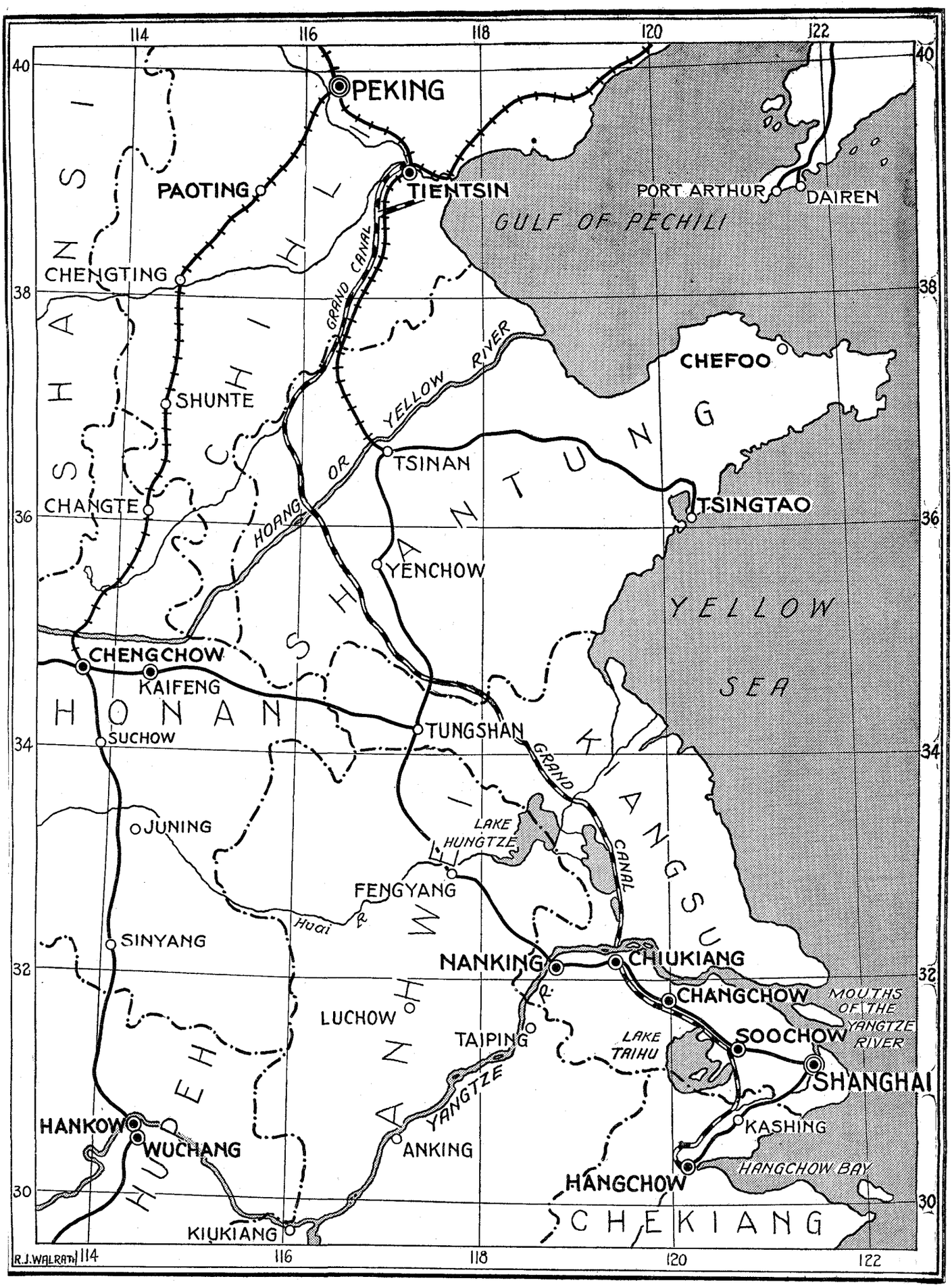

A key to the news from China

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ment now is to protect the lives, and so far as possible the property, of Americans in China. Missionaries and traders are in full flight from the Yangtze Valley and other parts of central China to Shanghai. The great international port of commerce has become a port of refuge, a haven from the rising storm of Chinese antipathy. We must now cooperate with other Governments in throwing a safe bulwark of armed protection around the foreign settlement there.

This does not imply—as some radical critics will charge—armed intervention in China. It means simply the elemental obligation of providing secure shelter for our compatriots exposed to the perils of riot and looting. How this situation might have been prevented it is too late to consider. We have first to deal with the situation that exists.

What happened when the Cantonese Nationalist troops, in pursuit of the retreating Northerners, entered Nanking, on the Yangtze River—how they attacked the American, British, and Japanese Consulates; fired on the Standard Oil compound at Socony Hill when it was used as a place of safety; killed Dr. J. E. Williams, Vice-President of Nanking University, and Dr. Smith, an Englishman; wounded Miss Anna Moffett and two more Americans, the British Consul, and various other foreigners; how they were stopped in the attack on Socony Hill only by a barrage of shells from American war-ships in the river; how a rescue was effected by a landing force and how the safe-conduct of foreigners from other parts of the city to the war-ships, for transport to Shanghai, was secured only by a threat to shell all military points—all these deplorable facts are now common knowledge. The whole incident is evidence either that the Nationalist leaders have less control over their excitable followers than they have professed, or that the attacks represented a concerted policy. The conviction of the Americans who were at Nanking evidently is that the latter was the case, and that the hand of Soviet Russia pushed on the unruly soldiers.

The American Consul had urged American residents to leave for Shanghai, but the missionaries had stayed—denying danger and minimizing the menace from the radical wing of the Nationalist movement. They have paid a tragic price for their faith in the Chinese they have striven to serve. One of the best leaders of the missionary education movement is dead; the rest are evacuating the whole Yangtze Valley. Dr. Williams, the murdered teacher, is reported to have faced his killers with a benevolent smile. Such an attitude is a glorious triumph of the individual spirit, but it could not justify the responsible authorities if they neglected the hundreds who must be brought out alive. Much as the courage of those who stuck by their duties as they saw them may be admired, the question arises whether they did not owe a higher duty to their country in heeding the requests of its representatives in the interest of the whole United States, if not of humanity. If the American residents had followed official advice to leave earlier, complications which may injure the whole future of American relations with China might have been avoided. But that is not the point now. The United States, Great Britain, and Japan are rushing reinforcements to Shanghai, and that is the only course to take.

In the midst of all this turmoil Secretary Kellogg has announced quietly that the Department of State is prepared to negotiate with the Cantonese Nationalists regarding the future of Shanghai. It is also rather late to advance that policy. A few months—even weeks—ago a clear move to establish relations with the Nationalists might have been effective. It is highly doubtful whether it can be so now. Then they had just reached Hankow, where their capital now is, and they doubtless would have been open to a frank approach. No such approach was made, although it was urged by the most competent observers of Chinese affairs. Now they are the dominant force in China, apparently on a victorious march to Peking to drive out the militarists from the Northern capital. Parallel with this purpose they now place the purpose of driving out all foreigners. Feelings have been so aroused that there is little hope of a conciliatory treatment of the situation.

The powers of democracy have allowed the agents of Bolshevism to put them on the defensive, and so to inflame Chinese hatred by the necessary measures of protecting their citizens. That is the great failure in the handling of the crisis in China, and for it the Western nations are likely to pay the price for years in the loss of leadership in the Far East.

II—Nicaragua for the Nicaraguans

THE letter from Nicaragua which we publish in this issue reveals one aspect of the situation there of which most Americans are probably ignorant. We hear much of the relative merits of Diaz and Sacasa. We hear little of the hardships and suffering of the common people, to whom neither Sacasa nor Diaz really means anything. What our marines there are doing is, as this letter shows, not merely to protect American lives and property, but also incidentally to alleviate the miseries of the Nicaraguans themselves. The United States, it has just been made public, has sold munitions to the Diaz Government, which it has recognized, as it sold munitions to Obregon in Mexico. It does not make our task of establishing order for the Nicaraguan people any easier that the guns which went out of Mexico to Sacasa appear to be the identical guns that went out of the United States to Obregon to enable him to put down the Huerta rebellion and have put and maintained Calles in power.

III—Mystery and Plots in Mexico

NO writer of international secret service stories could have imagined more surprises and thrills than the actual relations of the United States and Mexico have lately furnished. Diplomacy is supposed to be a formal and rather dull affair, but our dealings with our neighbor to the south have been both unconventional and enlivening. And it appears that some progress toward a better understanding is being made.

First we had the despatch of the much-discussed "mystery notes" from the Department of State to the Government of Mexico. These were the first communications sent by our authorities to Mexico City since the termination of the correspondence about the new Mexican land and oil laws last October. No official in Washington or Mexico City would say anything about the contents of these secret notes.

At the same time we witnessed the sudden departure of Ambassador Téllez for Mexico City. It was at once rumored that he had been practically sent home because of "propaganda." But he conferred with President Calles, and returned to Washington bringing, evidently, reassurances regarding the application of the oil and land laws to properties held by foreigners in Mexico and expressions of good will. From the Mexican capital it was reported that the Cabinet was inclined to favor a modification of the laws to meet the objections of the United States that they are retroactive and confiscatory, as affecting property rights of oil producers and other investors in Mexico. Further, it was said that the Mexican Supreme Court was likely to hand down an opinion adverse to the legality of the regula-

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tions in question and the articles of the Constitution of 1917 on which they are based. So far neither of these things has become a reality.

Next we read the announcement of the termination of the anti-smuggling convention between Mexico and the United States. This convention has been in force for a year, which ended on March 28. Under its provisions, it was abrogated by a declaration of desire on the part of the United States. Alarmists immediately began to shout that the next step would be the lifting of the arms embargo by our Government and the shipping of arms to revolutionists in Mexico. But there is no sign that this is the purpose. The convention was put in force primarily in the endeavor to stop rum-running and the entry of undesirable immigrants. It has not worked well, by all accounts; and the number of agents required to watch the border was as large as before. This is probably a main reason for its termination. Further, the action may serve as notice to the Calles Government that we are ready to raise the arms embargo if the land and oil laws are applied in a manner which we think unjust to the interests of citizens of the United States. The anti-smuggling convention bound both Governments to give notification of all shipments by land, sea, or air—an effective bar to supplying arms to Mexican rebels. Its termination opens the way to the lifting of the embargo at any moment. But the best-informed observers think that neither our Administration nor the property-owners whose rights it is urging in Mexico want to see a revolution now, which might render these rights even less secure. Our conviction is that an uprising in Mexico would be against all the best interests of the people of both countries.

The key to the puzzle presented by the summary abrogation of the anti-smuggling arrangement may be found in the fact—unknown to most Americans—that we have no general commercial treaty with Mexico. That is an object which our Government has desired for some years to achieve, and which the Mexican Government always has found reasons to postpone. Under such a treaty, the property interests of Americans in Mexico would be most effectively protected.

Finally, "forged documents" are alleged to have figured in the development of the critical situation between the two countries. These documents, purporting to have been signed by Secretary Kellogg and other Washington authorities, were addressed to President Calles, Ambassador Sheffield, and other officials in Mexico City. They seemed to indicate an intention to make war in Mexico. As a consequence of an interview between President Calles and George Barr Baker, a former correspondent and American Relief Administration officer, they are now reported to have been proved spurious. It is said that they represented a conspiracy to foment trouble between Mexico and the United States—by whom and to what end is not stated. To these "forged documents"—it is now believed—the notorious "mystery notes" referred. The airing of the whole affair seems to have cleared the way for a new understanding between the Governments.

In the midst of all these confusing events, the average citizen has one duty—as we have urged before—to keep a calm mind and wait for the facts, and so help to form a public opinion in favor of an amicable settlement.

Evolution and the Bible in Schools

RAILLERY may be an effective weapon in debate if it is used with restraint and skill; but it may be as dangerous to the user as to his opponent, and may easily degenerate into ridicule and derision. It may be effective in winning a local or temporary advantage, or in turning a flank by surprise, or in securing a breathing spell in a long conflict; but it is no substitute for reason in winning an opponent's consent. Against deliberate sham it may win a campaign; but against honest convictions, however erroneous, its effect is not lasting.

For the purpose of killing a bill in the Missouri House of Representatives under circumstances that might have allowed the bill to go through by default such raillery as is described by Mr. Fraser in this issue probably served. Even in that case, however, the sober and reasonable statement by 180 members of the Faculty of Washington University in St. Louis was probably quite as effective. At best what was accomplished was simply the postponement of a discussion that must be settled fundamentally if anti-evolution bills are not to crop up in legislatures indefinitely.

That discussion must take into account certain facts which have been too generally ignored by those who deplore and resist the campaign to suppress the study of evolution in the schools.

Foremost in this discussion must be put the consideration of what constitutes good teaching. It is often assumed in all this discussion that the business of the teacher is to supply the pupil with a body of ready-prepared facts and to insist that the pupil accept from the teacher certain definite conclusions and opinions. It is assumed, for instance, that teaching evolution means that the teacher should require his pupils to accept certain theories on his say. That there is this misconception of teaching on the part of so-called evolutionists as well as on the part of so-called anti-evolutionists is evident from what appears in books that are used as textbooks in some schools. The real purpose of a teacher should be to establish in his pupils the habit of learning facts for themselves and building up their own conclusions and opinions. Dogmatism in teaching is one of the roots of this controversy; and it cannot be got rid of on the one side until it is got rid of on the other. Those who come into court against the anti-evolution bills as the products of dogma must come with clean hands.

Then, too, in this discussion it would be well to remember that the effort to suppress the teaching of evolution in the schools has not been the first effort against the freedom of teaching. For years there has been carried on a campaign against the teaching of the Bible in the schools. Several States have laws which prevent the use of the Bible in schools supported by public money. By such laws unnumbered children have been barred from acquaintance with one of the great literatures of mankind. They have been permitted to get acquainted with every literature except that of the ancient Hebrew people. More than that, they have been shut out from a study of what is generally regarded as the greatest of English classics. "Consider the great historical fact," says T. H. Huxley, who certainly had no prejudices in favor of ecclesiasticism, "that, for three centuries, this Book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; . . . that it is written in the noblest and purest English and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind, who never left his village, to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations of the world. By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized?" Those who, in the face of the so-called anti-evolutionists, are urging the freedom of teaching in the interest of science cannot afford to make exceptions of literature and history if they are going to win their own cause.

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James Bryce

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

AMONG the notable biographies[1] of the season must be listed the life of James Bryce, who was born, in 1838, a commoner and died, in 1922, a peer of England. The book is notable for two reasons—its subject was for six years, from 1907 to 1913, one of the most highly respected Ambassadors sent from England to this country since the United States became independent of Great Britain in 1776; and, second, its author, the Rt. Hon. Herbert A. L. Fisher, is one of the foremost educational leaders of contemporary English life. Dr. Fisher, as President of the Board of Education during the Great War, had much to do with the reform and development of popular education in England, and he is now Warden (an office corresponding to that of college president in this country) of New College, Oxford, from which he graduated about forty years ago with the highest honors.

From such a combination of author and subject a brilliant book might be naturally expected. In this respect the ordinary American reader is likely to be disappointed. Dr. Fisher's work is sound, wise, and informative, but it is not scintillating. Perhaps this is because James Bryce, about whom Dr. Fisher writes, was himself not scintillating. James Bryce, like his biography, was sound, wise, informative, and industrious, not to say plodding. But back of all this he had a solid foundation of thorough scholarship, obtained by the best kind of university training in history, political philosophy, and literature, both classic and modern. He was a type of the kind of statesmen who have successfully administered the political fortunes and progress of England during the last hundred years—that is to say, since the Reform Bill of 1832. Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen (the fourth Earl), Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Asquith were of this caliber. There was nothing romantic about the private or public careers of these statesmen. It would be difficult to write biographies of them that would stir the imagination. They were not showy or dramatic, but they kept England on an even keel, and the entire English-speaking world owes them a debt of gratitude for their wisdom and common sense. The contrary type of statesman is suggested by the names of Palmerston, Disraeli, and Lloyd George. The careers of these three Prime Ministers afford material which is seized upon with joy by the literary biographer who revels in human romance rather than in the prosaic and humdrum facts of daily life.

From this classification of English statesmen as either prosaic or romantic the name of Gladstone is purposely omitted. He is in a class by himself. But even his monumental biography by Lord Morley emphasizes his dignity at the expense of his human interest. The fact is that most political biographers seem to be so overwhelmed by their sense of responsibility that they do not take advantage of even the limited dramatic opportunities that are offered to them. It would be interesting to see what Sir James Barrie could do with the life of Lord Bryce, who was a fellow-Scot. Sydney Smith once asked, "Who reads an American book?" Political biographers in all parts of the English-speaking world might do well to read Senator Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall." There is a biography which, without in the slightest degree minimizing the official dignity and intellectual power of its central figure, gives the reader a vivid glimpse of the humor and the dramatic incidents that may be found in the life of the most ordinary man by a penetrating eye.

James Bryce was born in Belfast, Ireland, of a Scottish family. His father, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, was a schoolmaster by profession, with a special interest in geology and mathematics. The future Ambassador was sent to Oxford, where he took honors in Greek, Latin, law, and history. When he was twenty-six, while reading law in London, he published a book entitled "The Holy Roman Empire," which is *facile princeps* in its domain. He was called to the bar as a barrister, but practiced very little. His university and historical scholarship turned him to politics, for in those days England sought, and still seeks, just such young men for its political administration. After having visited the United States three times, he published, at the age of fifty, "The American Commonwealth." This marks perhaps the most brilliant event in his career.

At the time of its publication "The American Commonwealth" was by far the most complete and understanding analysis of the structure of the Government of the United States that had ever been written. That an Englishman should produce such a work is in itself an outstanding intellectual feat. I wish that Dr. Fisher had given the details of the suppression of one of its chapters. This chapter was a study of the malign influence of Tammany—especially of the Tweed ring—and was written by Professor Frank Goodnow, at that time an instructor in law and government in Columbia University, and now President of Johns Hopkins University. For some reason which has never been fully explained this chapter was expunged after the first edition of "The American Commonwealth" was exhausted. It would be interesting to know on what ground the Tammany leaders considered this chapter libelous or what were the legal or other methods which they pursued to compel men of the character of James Bryce and Frank Goodnow to destroy their work. My edition of "The American Commonwealth" happily contains this chapter, and it is very interesting reading in spite of, or rather, perhaps on account of, its illegality. In the preface to the first edition Mr. Bryce gave credit for valuable aid to a long list of American scholars and students, among them Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Justice Holmes, Seth Low, Frank J. Goodnow, and A. B. Houghton. The last named had then just graduated from Harvard, and is now American Ambassador to England. Seth Low had just finished two successful terms as Mayor of Brooklyn and was about to be elected President of Columbia University. Bryce expressly stated that "no one of these gentlemen, however, is responsible for any of the facts stated or views expressed in the book." But Mr. Low and Mr. Goodnow contributed and copyrighted two chapters over their own names, Mr. Low writing on the innocuous subject of "Municipal Government," Mr. Goodnow on the more dangerous and provocative topic of "The Tweed Ring in New York City." Mr. Low was not molested, but evidently the Tammany Tiger growled ominously at Bryce and Goodnow, for the latter's chapter was quietly suppressed in all subsequent editions. Why Dr. Fisher does not tell the story fully instead of merely alluding to it in two brief lines is hard to understand, for the episode is the only really dramatic incident in Bryce's life—an English historian and publicist knocked out in the first round by Tammany; another American revolution, as it were, in which some of our patriotic city fathers declared their independence of English criticism! The sinister power of Tammany was never more dramatically man-

[1] James Bryce (Viscount Bryce). By H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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ifested. But everybody concerned has always been discreetly silent about it.

To an American reader Dr. Fisher's account of the inception, publication, and influence of "The American Commonwealth" has a peculiar interest:

> From the first the book enjoyed a character of authority which the lapse of time has apparently done little to impair. In American universities and high schools it is still an accepted classic supplying in a convenient and trustworthy form a basis for the study of American institutions. . . . Once when the Bryces were going from Boston to Mount Desert in a steamboat, Bryce fell into a conversation with a young fellow-traveler and, the talk chancing to turn on a point of American Constitutional law, a difference of view disposed itself. Neither disputant ceding ground, the boy, who had fought his end with surprising tenacity, played his last card. "But, sir, I know I'm right, Bryce says so!" To which Bryce with great amusement felt obliged to tell him that he was Bryce and that his young friend had mistaken the meaning of the passage.

The relation of this anecdote is an appropriate place at which to leave this calm but healthful biography of a scholar and statesman whose eighty-four peaceful years were filled, not only with the acquirement of wisdom, but with the constant purpose of sharing, when he could, the fruits of that wisdom unpretentiously and sympathetically with his fellow-men.

Afloat with the Sweeps

The Most Unprofessional Sport Goes into Another Season

By HERBERT REED

THEY were sitting on the float at the foot of Baker Field, young Dick Glendon, and old Dick Glendon, and Maxy Stevenson, chairman of Columbia's rowing committee; the two older men with a twinkle in their eyes, the young head coach quiet and contained, as usual. The twinkle was due to the fact that there were on hand for the various Columbia eights what seemed to be ideal types for oarsmen. Young Dick's quiet satisfaction lay in the fact that it had been an early spring, and that the long and none too satisfactory toil with the rowing machines was over, and the men could be boated and taught to row and race in the natural elements for rowing and racing.

At the same time there were similar scenes on similar boat-house floats all over the broad land of college rowing. Yale was on the Housatonic two weeks ahead of the usual schedule. Harvard, on the Charles, had just shifted from the Leviathan (the big, twenty-oared, snub-nosed barge) into the racing boats. Princeton was putting out its shells on sheltered Carnegie Lake. Thanks to the use of dynamite on the famous Inlet at Ithaca, Jim Wray, for years at Harvard and now taking over Cornell's crew destinies, was coaching, from a single scull, crews that had been launched nearly a month ahead of any Cornellian navy in the history of the sport at Ithaca. Elsewhere the sun was out and the oarsmen were early active on the water.

COLUMBIA was chosen as the first port of call for this observer, however, because of the seemingly excellent prospects of a revival of the ancient Morningside Heights rowing prestige under the Glendons. So little had really been known about them when they were coaches at the Navy—except their excellent results—that here was a chance to get better acquainted and to pry into the secret of their success with last year's freshman crew, which is now rowing as a sophomore Varsity, with indications that there are more triumphs ahead of it and just around the corner.

International

Dick Glendon, Jr., shows 'em how

The usual run of driftwood was coursing through the Harlem ship canal, carried on a rapidly moving tide; but for this day at least its presence could be disregarded, since there was good water at hand on the Hudson, not usually in evidence at this time of year. A few minutes' talk, and much of the atmosphere of mystery that hung over this veteran and his young and successful son passed away. They turned out to be frank and simple to the last degree. In the old days at the Navy the oars were locked up. Here at Columbia they were in their racks. Equally, there was nothing to stop one from looking over the rigging in the shells, that usually closely guarded secret of the old-timer. Yet Glendon *père* has grown into one of the mellowest of old-timers. Perhaps his interest in his cranberry bogs and his love of the sea and the wind and the birds on Cape Cod account for the piercing blue eye with the humorous lines in the corners. However that may be, while we were waiting for the oarsmen, with thudding feet, to carry down the slim and shining shells preparatory to the launching, the elder Glendon, who coached the first American eight to win the Olympic championship, expanded on the theory of the game.

It has seemed to me that in this row-

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ing game we have the last of the purely amateur sports. There is no "gate," for thousands see the races from the river or lake bank, and the money charged for the observation trains at New London and Poughkeepsie and Derby goes in large part to the railroads. It is, of course, a costly business, but nowadays there are football receipts with which to carry on. However, I like to feel, and do feel, that there always would have been rowing, in any case. Once one is in the launch watching the men at work, there is sound reason for the statement that it is amateur to the core. No professional would stand that gaff for any length of time. Here were the freshmen and Varsity both going at a bruising pace, swinging forward and back, taking hold of the water almost viciously, and almost as viciously pulling the stroke through with the back and legs.

There were in these boats young men who are taking the stiffest courses in the University, young men who are working their way through at the same time, and who still are absorbing almost endless mileage on the water for the love of the sport. They bore out what Glendon the elder said: "It makes me tired to have men call this exercise of rowing and racing a sacrifice. It is nothing of the kind. It is the greatest opportunity that comes to a young fellow in his college lifetime. Think of it—it is the only sport a young man can take up that gives him hard, healthful exercise with the surface of his body bared to the sun and wind for at least three months of the year. And it is the greatest *team* game that ever was invented. Here is no man running fifty yards for a touchdown, no temperamental champion in an individual sport, but eight men and a coxswain who cannot hope for an individual cheer. All they can hope for is an individual knock. Here is the one sport in which virtues do not stand out, but are considered a matter of course, while faults are as plain as a pikestaff."

Up the sparkling Hudson we went against the strong ebb tide, and came back at racing gait, for it was made plain that day that both young Dick and his father are *racing* coaches. I have seldom seen a young coach who worried less than the younger Dick. There will be faults at first, as he well knows, but he expects speed first and smoothness afterward. The system seems to work admirably with his men, for they idolize him. There is discipline behind it, to be sure, and not so far behind; but the relationship is remarkable. There is a hint of Olympic Games possibilities in this sophomore Varsity—and that ambition is a help to all the coaches who have promising eights. It is too early to talk about it, of course, and there are faculties and rowing committees to be consulted; but the ambition is there. Neither of the Glendons said a word about it, of course, and one hears it only in whispers elsewhere; but, as the elder Dick put it, supporting the Poughkeepsie and the New London races as the fitting wind-ups of the American season, "It is always a good thing in competitive sport, and in rowing especially, to have still another objective just beyond you." Columbia, by the way, is at last to have a real rowing "atmosphere" by moving to a new course off Pelham Bay; and there their local races will be held.

One thinks of Yale and Harvard, of course, as having the real rowing atmosphere, owing to the long stay in the comfortable quarters at Gales Ferry and Red Top, on the Thames, preparatory to their annual race. It took years of effort to get that atmosphere moved to some extent to the vicinity of New Haven for the early season, but it has been accomplished at last by the removal from the New Haven Harbor to the Bob Cook memorial boat-house at Derby, on the Housatonic, ten miles or so from the University.

One of the rare pleasures of the rowing game at Derby is going out with Ed Leader, the wonder worker from Seattle, in the coaching launch. Here is a rather grim personage, taciturn at times, forgetful of his surroundings save those immediately concerned with the work of the crews. To look at him and to listen to him—for the voice is sometimes almost querulous, and there is a running fire of criticism through his megaphone—one would not expect him to be any too popular with the crew men. The fact is that he is another idolized coach. More than one man whom he has had to drop from his squad has asked to go to Gales Ferry to wait on the training table, just to be with his comrades and his coach.

Leader's achievements are too well known to be rehearsed here, but I am convinced after many a trip with him that they are largely due to tremendous concentration on details. If dinner is to follow the guest's day in the launch, he need not expect to hear anything but rowing from the coach. "Take it away; take it away!" is the constant cry from the launch, referring to picking up the beat from the stroke oar; but at the training table Leader is silent. He is literally exhausted with the day's work on the Housatonic. The meal may reach the salad stage before he will break out with: "Have you seen the other crews? What do they look like?" But the long silence will never by any possibility be broken by a comment on any other subject. And this rather strange and apparently almost lonely soul gets wonderful results. From what I have seen, and despite the losses of fine oarsmen from his crews of last year, he will have another fine racing eight this season.

There are new faces to be found in the launch at Philadelphia, where Pennsylvania's oarsmen turn out as early as the best of them. Here the problem is extremely difficult, for the course is hardly suited to four-mile preparation. There is not enough of a distance straightaway on the Schuylkill, which is why the crews are among the first to go into camp at Poughkeepsie. But there is a great rowing atmosphere, for certain of the clubs along boat-house row are recruited from the college oarsmen, and there are famous names among the non-college oarsmen. However, it is of the University of Pennsylvania I am speaking now. Only last year Pennsylvania drew for its coaching on that great school of oarsmanship located in the State of Washington. A trip with Fred Spuhn, who previously spent some time at Harvard, and with Max Lufft, who is working with him, is always a delight. These two are also of the quiet type. They are grafting onto the stroke left behind by Joe Wright, the great Canadian Argonaut, the principles of the Washington method, with its terrific catch and hard leg drive. Or perhaps it would be better to say that they are changing the stroke to the Washington style. Here are two of the young school of coaches with excellent prospects before them, for the material is good again this year and there has been a season of work under the new system.

There is no tripping in launches with Jim Wray at Cornell just yet. He is coaching from his single scull, as he frequently used to do at Harvard. The Cornell material physically is quite as promising as the 177-pound Varsity at Columbia, the 180-pound second crew, and will match up in everything but height with what has come out of the Northwest or California, where they pride themselves on their giant sweep swingers. So far, most of the work at Cornell has been confined to the inlet. But Cornell has the same advantage as Princeton of preparing on practically dead water, which makes it possible to obtain an early idea of the true speed of the crews, an idea not to be had as the result of tide-water effort. Again, the

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Wide World

Willing galley slaves from the University of Pennsylvania

lake-water crews can get down to lower rigging earlier than the tide-water crews. Their situation is close to the ideal on Lake Washington, near Seattle, where the oarsmen are out on the water by the mid-year vacation.

No one ever really knows much about Wisconsin until "Dad" Vail brings his men East. There is probably one of the keenest riggers among the coaches. An inch here on a slide, a quarter of an inch there on an outrigger, and the eight is transformed. It is in this matter of rigging that the old-timers still hold an advantage, for it is not to be learned in a day or a month or a year. Men like the late Charlie Courtney, Glendon, James A. Ten Eyck of Syracuse, and a few others were masters of the problem of making the oarsmen comfortable in their shell; but, of course, the younger generation is picking it up.

There has been in recent years a steady pressure of Western coaching on Eastern crews. It has worked out splendidly at Yale, fairly well at Pennsylvania, and for a time fairly well at Harvard. Eventually, however, the Western coaches have been affected somewhat by their Eastern environment. It is apparent that Ed Leader goes in for a little bit more swing since he went to Yale. Bob Butler, who is now in charge of the Navy eights, has busied himself with a sharper catch than perhaps had hitherto prevailed, and "Chuck" Logg, at Princeton, is putting on that same catch where it was most sorely needed. In other words, aside from the spirit of the thing, the rowing game is becoming more nearly standardized. There will be quarrels over rigging as long as rowing lasts; there will always be quarrels over the minutiæ of rowing, for rowing is, after all, primarily boating; but there will be little quarrel over the handling of the men who are to sit in the boats. Courtney had the knack of handling men, added to his uncanny knowledge of rigging, and the other men who are handling the big college eights have that knack to a high degree. They are the ultimate judges of the best type of athletes to be found in college sports.

Just a word or two in explanation of the attitude of the various colleges that go in for the sport of sports. Under the long direction of Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth at Princeton, the Tiger eights have not gone in for four-mile racing. It may be that at some time or other they will get around to it, but not in the immediate future. The affair at New London is a strictly two-crew race, and the date, the tide being favorable, is made with the Commencements of the two Universities in view. Something of the pageant of New London will stick in the minds of Harvard and Yale graduates to the end of time. The Poughkeepsie race is an open event—frankly, almost blatantly open. Everybody is welcome. It is hoped to make it the greatest boat race in the world; eventually the stewards of the regatta expect to have an English entry and other foreign entries. In time I think that will come about.

In the meantime there is a growing tendency for American crews to enter in foreign races. Club rowing is calling more and more steadily on college oarsmen. The Penn Athletic Club, at Philadelphia, at present picks up a lot of good material from the University of Pennsylvania, and the New York Athletic Club has been recently packing its boats with collegians—Gallagher of the Navy and Dow Walling, the Washington stroke oar, for instance. The Bachelors' Barge Club, one of the foremost of the Schuylkill River clubs, relies to no small extent on collegians. The victory of an American eight in the Royal Canadian Henley not so long ago is still fresh in mind. There will be other entries, no doubt, for the British Henley.

There clings to the memory of one observer the picture of the close of the

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American Canadian triumph at Port Dalhousie, one of the best rowing courses in the world. Joe Wright, one of the best of the rowing coaches, had taken a crew of stars to row against both the Argonauts, his own home club, this time stroked by his son, and against the University of Toronto. After the race, which he and his men won, the famous Hanlan Cup, not out of Canada for twenty years, went swinging down the street to the railroad station between two of the American representatives.

"We are prepared," said the Americans, "to put up a bond for the cup. How much shall the check be?"

"There will be no check," replied the Canadians. "An oarsman's word is all the bond we want." And that is rowing—then, to-day, and always: the sport about whose health no one has to worry.

Missouri Votes Down the Anti-Evolutionists

By HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

REPRESENTATIVE TURLEY, of Carter County, has the floor.

"Mr. Speaker, I ask that the pending bill be amended to read as follows:

"The foregoing provision shall be applicable only to those counties or communities of the State, if there be any such, a majority of whose people have rejected and still refuse to accept the findings and discoveries of scientific thought and research of the last four hundred years, and who believe that the world is flat; that the sun travels around the earth; that the storms of the sea are caused by the monsters of the deep; that the gleam from the evil eye of the basilisk has the power of causing death; that an epileptic is a wicked person possessed of the devil; and that a charm is a potent protection against disease, devils, and death."

Representative Page of Green County (interrupting). "I think the gentleman from Carter is proposing something not germane to the subject."

Representative Turley. "On the contrary, sir, nothing could be more germane than this amendment I have offered, as it so obviously sets forth the fact that people would still believe all the things set forth in the pending bill if it were true that there had been no progress made in the last four hundred years."

PLACE: Missouri House of Representatives, Jefferson City, Missouri. Circumstances: discussion of the McDaniel-Jackson Anti-Evolution Bill prohibiting, "under penalty of fine of not less than $50 and not more than $100, the teaching in any public school or college supported by public funds of any theory that man descended (or ascended) from the lower animals."

A smoke-screen of oratory had settled down over the House. The anti-evolutionists were bellicose. They were predicting victory. A telegram had just come from Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, announcing that the Arkansas House of Representatives had just passed by a vote of 50 to 47 the Rotenberry Anti-Evolution Bill to suppress teaching of the evolutionary theory in the tax-supported schools and colleges of Arkansas.

Representatives McDaniel and Jackson were encouraged by that telegram. They themselves were from counties on the Arkansas border; they were likewise determined that Missouri should pass a similar bill before the close of the afternoon session.

But there were some factors interposing. Not all of the members would treat the bill seriously.

Representative Whitecotton, of Monroe, was getting up to offer an amendment. He asked that the bill be made effective in the year 2000. "This," he added, "is in the nature of a compromise. It will, perhaps, give some of us a chance to adjust ourselves."

FOR three hours the debate had gone on. Disorder was increasing. The "antis" were demanding the floor. Suddenly the Speaker, in response to a catcall from the gallery, looked up. There on the balustrade perched a live monkey industriously rubbing its eyes, one arm affectionately around its keeper's neck.

"Bang!" down came the gavel on the Speaker's desk; and then, in stentorian tones: "Sergeant-at-Arms, place the keeper of that animal under arrest." Laughter from several members and a sudden activity in the gallery, and monkey and keeper suddenly disappeared.

Representative Heege, of St. Louis County, then proposed that the monkey be produced and introduced as "Exhibit A." His motion was ruled out of order.

Representative Armstrong, of Pulaski County, was on his feet. Launching into a vigorous advocacy of the bill, he declared that it opposed the acceptance and teaching in the tax-supported schools of something that the majority of the people in the State were opposed to, and then read a portion of Washington's Farewell Address to prove it.

Progress was being made slowly. The advocates of the bill wanted immediate action. They believed that they had a sufficient margin of votes to win, as most of the amendments offered in a spirit of levity had been defeated by a margin of from ten to fifteen votes.

REPRESENTATIVE REES, of Montgomery, however, had another bomb to hurl at the bill. "I propose," he said, "that the penalty of the bill be extended also to all those suspected of teaching the theory of evolution. This would clear our consciences. We could sleep well nights."

The amendment was solemnly voted down.

By this time McDaniel, one of the authors of the bill, was again on his feet, ready to launch into a new bombardment. "The writers of the Bible," he began, "looked forward and saw things that were to come. They told of chariots with flaming torches that would run like lightning. They are here. Darwin looks backward. The Darwinian theory is not science. It is merely theory. It was written in 1859, and there has been no proof that it is true. But it is taught in our colleges.

"Did anybody ever see," he inquired dramatically, "a college-bred man who was a genius in any line of human endeavor? Colleges are where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed."

Representative Rens, of St. Louis, opposing the bill, as did all of the other sixteen St. Louis delegates, offered an amendment providing for an "imprisonment in the St. Louis Zoo for not less than thirty days and not more than forty nights of all offenders against the provision." Loud laughter greeted this from both the floor and gallery.

BY this time, however, the dignity of the State of Missouri had to be up-

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held. Speaker Winter vigorously rapped for order. "The motion," he said, in stentorian tones, "is out of order."

Representative Ramsey, a preacher, now got the floor. "This is a vital question," he began, deliberately. "One of the great questions of the day. Science is not evolution. They are at variance. The Bible and evolution are at variance. True science and the Bible are in accord. Huxley said that to believe in evolution it is consistent to disbelieve in the Bible.

"Why, do you know," he observed, "that questionnaires sent out by the Professor of Psychology of Bryn Mawr College to the leading colleges of the world resulted in showing that 80 per cent of the teachers of sociology, 83 per cent of the teachers of biology, and 87 per cent of the teachers of psychology did not believe in God, and that 73 per cent of the teachers of sociology, 75 per cent of the teachers of biology, and 91 per cent of the teachers of psychology did not believe in a hereafter? This is what the teaching of evolution has done."

THE final attack on the bill, however, came from Washington University, St. Louis. Not a breath of protest was audible from the State University. But Washington University entered the fight with a vigorous resolution, signed by 180 members of its Faculty, appealing to the legislators to kill the bill, declaring that it would "impose restrictions on the freedom of teaching in the public educational institutions of the State; that it would infringe on the liberty of thought and belief; that it would impede the advancement of knowledge and be injurious to the cause of religion.

"It is our conviction," it added, "that a better understanding of the laws of nature is in no wise opposed to our religious faith, and that the discovery of the forces of nature by scientific research strengthens rather than retards religious thought."

After the reading of the resolution, which was done amid the first silence in the chamber for four hours, Representative Freeland moved to a vote.

As the roll-call proceeded the suspense tightened. It was broken only by the announcement of the defeat of the bill, 82 to 62.

The anti-evolutionists were dumfounded. The sovereign State of Missouri had refused to turn the calendar back four hundred years! There had been altogether too much fun-making, too much raillery!

Laughter is a deadly weapon.

High Finance or Loot

Japanese Comment on Two Chinese Methods of Paying the War Piper

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

THE Cantonese spent 70,000,000 yuan—that is more than $35,000,000 of American money—on their recent trip from Canton up to the Yangtze. It covered their expenses up to the time of taking the three great Wu-Han cities—Wuchang, Hanyang, and Hankow.

Where did they get it, and how?

For nearly fifteen years, under the far-advertised leadership of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Cantonese had not done anything much to make their friends hang out the flag and shout. Then last summer, to the utter amazement of the outside world and to the greater surprise of their own fellow-Celestials—more especially of the war lords of the North—they paraded through the great province of Hunan, sweeping everything before them as "through a no-man's territory," in a classic Chinese phrase, some 760 miles, and then were strong enough to take the key cities of the richest section of the country in the heart of the famous Yangtze Valley, and now Shanghai. Even the long journey through the heart of central China for an army as imposing as that of the Cantonese forces is a feat; an achievement which China has not seen for ages. And then, on top of that, the successive capture of the cities after one of the bloodiest and most stubborn disputes in the annals of Chinese warfare has all the appearances of the incredible. No mere militarist of China has done anything like it for centuries.

How did the Cantonese do it?

HERE is an incident of the mechanism of the Nationalist achievement. It was duplicated at all the Yangtze ports, as well as at Changsha and all other centers occupied by the Cantonese all along the line of their march north. Immediately after the men under General Chiang Kai-shek had completed the occupation of Wuchang the city was turned over to the Political Bureau of the Cantonese Army. The Political Bureau shares the work of conquest of the country equally with the fighting men of the Nationalist Government. The military end conquers the country merely, and by armed force. The Political Bureau conquers the thoughts and public opinion of the people.

The activities of this remarkable Bureau are divided into two: One department of it looks after the general administration of a conquered district and attends to finance, hygiene, transportation, documents, and the miscellaneous business of running the machinery of government. The other department looks after propaganda—which, by the way, the Cantonese have found mightier than the sword or any rifle ever invented as a weapon of conquest. This department attends to the organization of labor and of social bodies, to industries, to printing, to statistical works, and to that gentle art of knowing all the innermost secrets of men and women which made the Cheka famous in the story of Moscow and which the Cantonese leaders politely call "investigation."

ONE of the first things which the Political Bureau did after receiving the city of Wuchang from the army was this: It called together all the workers of all sorts and grades in all the various industries. It called together clerks, shopkeepers, teachers, waitresses, coolies. It also got together the farmers in the outlying country districts. And the gentlemen of the Political Bureau said:

"You are to organize yourselves into unions and guilds. As you stand now, without any organization whatever, you are powerless. You should know. For years you have been ground to powder like so many peas between the millstones. You have been kicked, bullied, exploited, worked to death, starved to death—sometimes murdered even. But no more of cursed slavery for you. We, your saviors, are here. First of all, then, workmen, you are to organize yourselves into various unions, and under our directions and under our laws." So the workers and farmers were organized into more than 130 unions in Wuchang and Hankow. And after that the Political Bureau said to the workmen:

"Now you are to hand over to the

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Government 60 per cent of your earnings—30 per cent for the expenses of the army and 30 per cent for administrative expenses." And the gentlemen of the Political Bureau were kind enough to permit the workers to keep 40 per cent of their income as their own.

That made the working class sit up and stare as all the hard-worked dumb animals do stare when they face something which is somewhat beyond their understanding and sense of fairness. But the Political Bureau faced them with a smile as serene and gentle as Buddha's very own. It said to the workers:

"You don't seem to like it. Well, you will. And this is how and why: You are to go and tell your employers to pay you a fair price for your labor—which is exactly five times the amount you are getting this day. Is that not about the fair price for your work? And they will pay you. Oh, yes, they will pay. You are no longer speaking to them as a weak particle of dust. You are speaking to them as a great union of workers, the real producers of wealth. And as a body of men armed with an all-conquering weapon called 'Strike.' Now we hope you understand." So the gentlemen of the Political Bureau won the hearts of the mass; and in the most dramatic manner imaginable. Forty per cent of their revised income meant to them just twice the amount they were getting.

By this simple and single stroke the Cantonese Government created millions of taxpayers happy and eager to pay 60 per cent of their income. And the gentlemen of the Political Bureau did not stop there. They told the workers to demand shorter working hours, the establishment of regular holidays, regular pay in times of illness, better living conditions, and the other demands familiar in this workers' paradise called the United States.

THEN, after this master stroke of profitable tax-gathering, they turned their attention at once to the propertied class. They had no idea of insulting this class with lack of attention. They took away, simply, neatly, without the least fuss of any sort, 60 per cent of their property—just confiscated it—30 per cent for the army expenditure and 30 per cent for the Political Bureau expenses. Were not the workers giving 60 per cent of their earnings, willingly—aye, and with patriotic ardor? What had the *bourgeoisie* done to merit a special consideration? To the *bourgeoisie* the gentlemen of the Political Bureau did not say, "Oh, yes, you will like it. And this is how and why." In the enlightened opinion of the Political Bureau, it was well and healthy for the privileged class to pay the piper once in a while. With millions of workers supporting them solidly, why should it take the trouble of coddling a handful of plutocrats?

So this is how and where a good deal of the fighting funds of the Cantonese Nationalists came from.

Let us contrast this new method with the old, old game the war lords of the North, such as Chang Tso-lin and his lieutenants, are still playing. That works out something like this: The chieftain rides into a prize city at the head of his army. The beflagged streets welcome the conquering hero. The merchant guilds and other bodies greet him with something more substantial than mere compliments. But, of course, the guild people have a thoroughly well-developed conscience in money matters. Nobody in the wide world knows the value of cash better than the men of Chinese marts. Therefore their golden tributes—the first offerings, that is—are so often the minimum. The militarist, who is quite as wise in the reading of the merchant psychology of China, spurns the golden insults of the guilds with a good many flaming adjectives, and often with dire threats of immediate visitation of justice. A wholesale oiling of itching palms among the petty officers of the army is likely to take place at this stage. And the 10,000 dollars, Mex., of the original offering rise to $40,000, to $50,000. And once more our Chinese friends, both the militarists and the merchants, prove their claim to the top ranks among the diplomats of the world.

But all this does not end the business of the occupation of a city. The soldiers of the victorious army have not been paid for eighteen months. It is utterly unreasonable to expect them to satisfy their empty pockets and stomachs with the brave sight of waving flags. Amateurs like American or Japanese soldiers may take glory as their pay. Not the Chinese; they are professionals. They are mercenaries, one and all. And the guilds cannot expect the general to pay off his soldiers with any such miserable sum as $50,000. So a nice little section of the city is marked out and turned over to the soldiers to get their pay by looting it to their hearts' content. They usually do their job pretty thoroughly. As they look at it, this is the real job of conquering the city. Naturally, the one and the only result of this old method is disorder and discontent on the part of the taxpayers.

The new method of the Cantonese Nationalists looks like a miracle of administrative grace beside this time-honored robbery of the old school. There is nothing particularly wonderful about the Cantonese success.

RUSSIANS with the Cantonese are getting a good deal of credit for the Nationalists' success. They deserve it; the new method of the Cantonese is the direct importation from Russia.

Jacob Borodin (of many aliases) is the supreme High Adviser to the Political Bureau of the Cantonese army. When he went to Canton as the Russian Consul-General in 1925, no less than 150 Russians went with him. They were specialists in various branches of military science and training, in industrial organization, and in engineering. Their number has been increased gradually to nearly 300 at the present time. These Russian specialists acted as instructors at the Whampao Military Academy; as drill masters; taught the Cantonese there how to handle modern artillery and other machinery of war. The military experts of Russia have worked under General Galens, who accompanied the Cantonese on the northern expedition and is acting to-day as the High Adviser to the General Staff.

There is no accurate, certainly no official, information about the amount of Russian money that has been given to the Cantonese Nationalists. Japanese sources of information estimate the amount at about 20,000,000 rubles—approximately $10,000,000. The estimates of Russian arms and ammunition shipped into Canton vary widely. It appears pretty certain that since the close of 1924 at least 140,000 rifles and 400 large guns with ample munitions for them and a number of airplanes of modern type have been shipped out of Vladivostok to the Cantonese.

The Russian money and Russian guns, however, did not do the big work. The Russian ideas and Russian brains are the real answer.

The one overshadowing curse which plagued the late Sun Yat-sen all through his troubled career was the army of mercenaries on which he had to depend. It betrayed him times without number, and at the most critical hour. But the Cantonese Military Academy at Whampao, with Chiang Kai-shek at the head of it, produced within three years more than 11,000 petty army officers who understood at least the larger aspects of the Cantonese movement and with sufficient knowledge of military affairs to direct their companies of mercenaries. It was there that Borodin and Galens and other fiery Russian orators filled the heads of young Cantonese with enough

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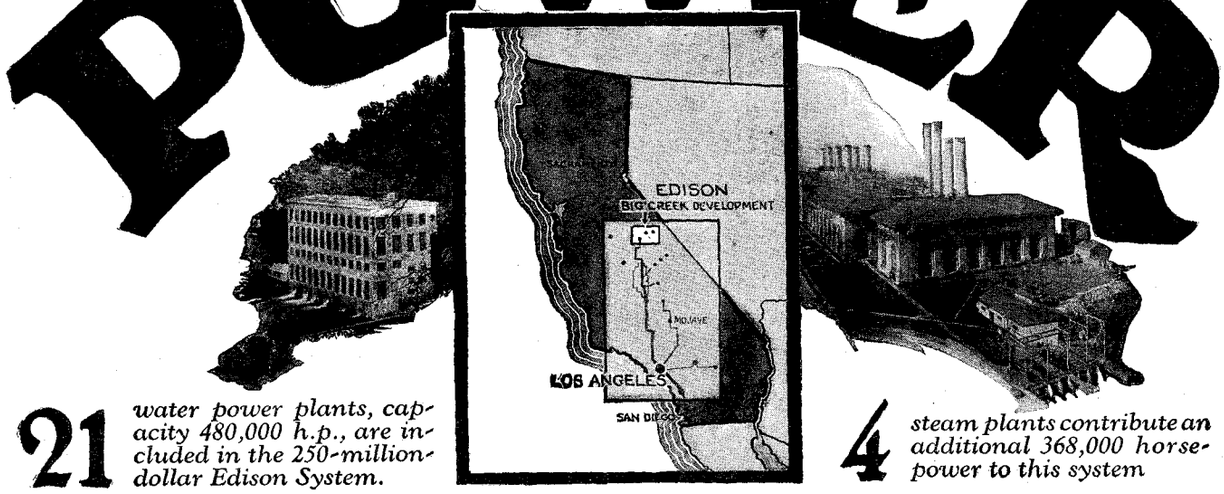

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verbal T N T to blow up "imperialism" in all its nefarious shades and shapes—military, economic, financial, and more especially of the British brand—to last them for a couple of incarnations.

These petty captains may turn into so many prophets of New China at any time and without warning. That is what makes the story of the Cantonese northward march read like a book of fate.

A Letter from Nicaragua

In occupied area, Nicaragua,
February 26, 1927.

THURSDAY, after I wrote you, I went over into the block next to the one in which my headquarters are located. It is just across the railroad, and, as the trains pass twenty-five feet from my cot, you can see it is not far away. My walk was to get away from this atmosphere and, incidentally, to gather some fruit, for the block I speak of has a fruit farm of about fifty acres where no one lives at present, and all the tropical fruits I have ever heard of, with some new ones as well, are yours for the taking.

If I could tell the story of what I saw, it would give you a picture of the fighting here; not at all of the romantic kind described by Richard Harding Davis in his "Captain Macklin," but it would partake more of the tragic, the fate that overtakes these grown children when they play with firearms. It might be called the "Honors Due a General."

JUST across the street from my house, about twenty paces away, you come to the first of the near-by graves. It is larger than the others; that is, the loose dirt is piled higher. The size of the mound may be taken as a measure of the hole they dug, and big holes mean that larger accommodations were needed. Eight here, I am told. Then a few paces farther on you turn to the left and, looking up an avenue of trees that bend over the road from both sides, you see an old house, two-storied, with a weathered red-tile roof that covers a wide veranda surrounding both floors. The doors stand open, while the windows are closed. It is all quiet and deserted, all soundless, except for a wandering homeless native, the highest optimist, for he is trying to find something of value that has been overlooked by numbers of others who have preceded him on the same mission. On both sides of the road are fruit trees, generally stripped of fruit, while in the heavy dust and weeds on both sides are thousands of rotting oranges, grapefruits, etc.

As you go up the lane to the house you pass between two rows of mounds that are almost touching—newly made graves—and everywhere are scattered the cartridge cases from which came the bullets that have clipped the trees on every hand. Here is a soldier's official uniform dropped on his grave. It consists of a peaked straw hat with a blue-cotton rag around it, showing that, whatever he might have been the day before, he was a Government soldier at the last. This hat is left with him because it has two holes in it, one going in and, an inch or two away, one coming out, the latter marked by two dirty red streaks. Here is one legging, discolored in the same way; there a broken canteen, made from a cocoanut shell.

As you go towards the house, the mounds grow fewer and little piles of ashes become more frequent. In the ashes you find exposed pieces of charred bones, or perhaps a button or two; but buttons have value, and not many are left. The wind has carried away the fine ashes, and what is left must wait for the rainy season to bury it. Then up near the house is a small grave—some curious child—that was dug by the owner of the old house and farm himself just before he had need for a similar service. Unfortunately, when he was found, fire was the approved method, and now, just over towards a tangerine tree, quite near to the house, are the usual remains left by too small a fire.

GROWING tired of this, we filled our bag with grapefruit gathered from the highest branches, and then started back to headquarters, returning around the other side of the block. In that way we came again to the railroad, a block above Headquarters, and as we drew near my guide, who had had a personal part in building the fires whose ashes we had seen along the road, pointed to the railroad at the corner and told us a general was killed there. As we drew near he pointed to some ashes and bones, and said, "See, I burn him here"—and just then a bullock cart came lumbering along and one of its big solid wooden wheels rolled right over the general.

YESTERDAY I went up through the town, and found stores open for the first time, more of them being made ready for business, and I see on every train old inhabitants returning because of the security our presence affords. I I could fire these armed natives out o

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town or disarm them or disband them, it would soon be possible to stop those practices that violate my sense of right, but are not even deemed worthy of comment by these people.

For instance, I rode out yesterday afternoon to inspect an outpost. The man in charge is a good youngster, and I feel more comfortable when thoroughness and judgment are called for with him on the job than I do with many another older head. I sent him with sixteen men and a machine gun out about a mile from here, on the main road leading to the volcano, to stop all armed persons from passing unless they have a permit signed by me. His little army came by here on their way from camp to their new station—dirty and weary beyond belief, loaded down with rifles, machine gun, ammunition, two days' food, a breaker of good water, their blankets, and spare clothes. Fortunately, we had a bullock cart at the door, and we turned it over to him.

An hour or two later I went to his post, and found him off inspecting the terrain. His men had a machine gun poked out of the house, while those off guard were bathing. The post is an abandoned residence up near the waterworks, where they have plenty of water for bathing and enough even to keep up the rose garden back of the house.

Just as I left them we persuaded an old man whose smiles had become permanent wrinkles in his face to mount his little donkey, as old as himself, and go down the road for eggs, for when the natives in the neighborhood saw any soldiers coming up all eggs and chickens disappeared. That is the way they have around here when soldiers are on the move, and it took the promise of twenty-five cents a dozen to bring out eggs for our detachment. This old man and the old donkey were jogging ahead of me when, still in sight of our sentry, there came over the rise in the road ahead of us a detachment of troops, a choice collection of brigands if I ever saw any. One big brute, who moved with a queer sort of trot, half human and half monkey, spied the old man on the donkey, and, whipping out a long heavy machete, came forward ahead of the others. The old man never said a word; he simply got off the donkey and turned it over to the soldier. Then a crowd of about one hundred men engulfed us and started to pass on. I had the interpreter with me tell them that I had put an outpost just ahead and they could not pass unless they had a letter from me. Thereupon the leader drew up his mob and harangued them, and I noticed with pleasure that they stopped dead, quiet for the

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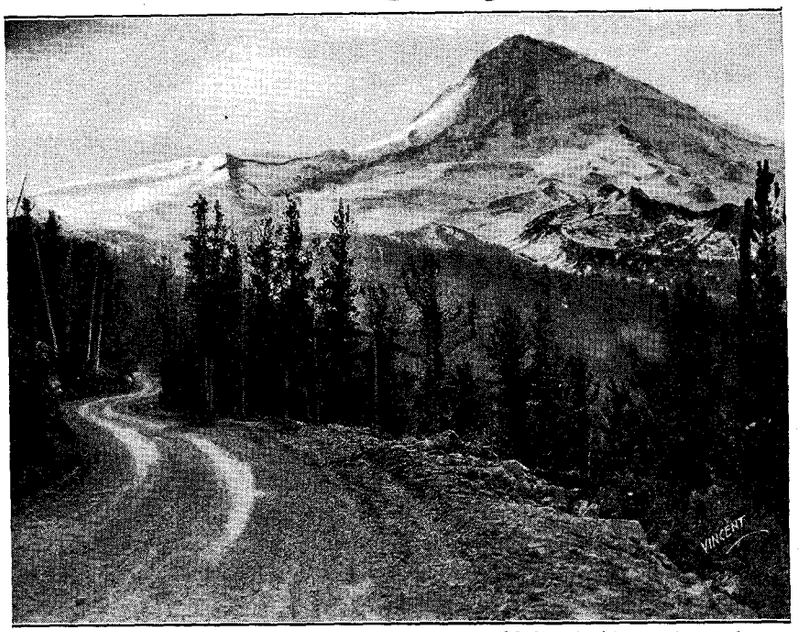

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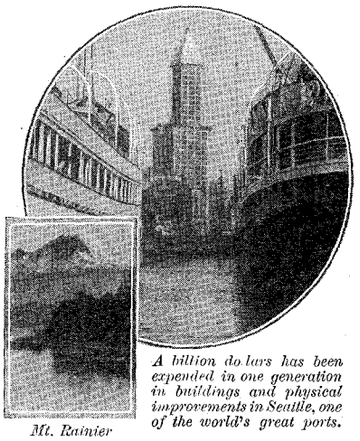

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first time since we met them, some three hundred yards away, waiting until our sentry waved to them to come on.

Then, just as they started on for the country—they were really going to a coffee plantation about three miles out, where, I suppose, there is something left to loot—my guide saw a big black Jamaican Negro, black as night and all white teeth, perched high on the back of a little pony he almost blotted from sight. He had worked for us when we first came here, and on every occasion brought out a flood of Jamaican Negro talk that, once heard, is never forgotten. The guide called to him, "Hello, Charlie!" and got back by way of answer, "I am goin' to de mountain—I don't know why."

LATER. Word has come that the bands of rebels north of our line are breaking up and moving away. Tomorrow we may hear that it is the other force that is going to pieces, and really I could forgive such confusion. There is nothing to distinguish one from the other in thought, word, or deed; the only difference is a cotton hat-band, sometimes red, sometimes blue.

The Portugee

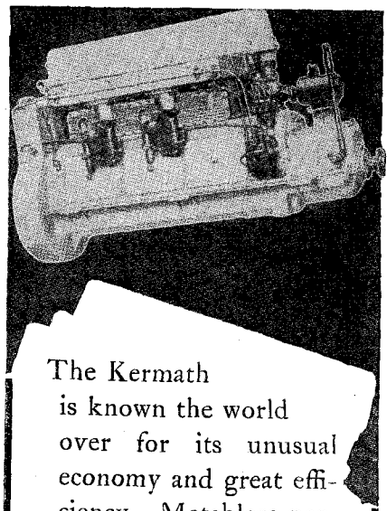
By BILL ADAMS

YESTERDAY I saw a picture that will remain long with me. It was a very commonplace picture. One might doubtless see its like in every city of the land.

I was chatting with my friend the doctor in his X-ray room. He had just finished examining me. He had reassured me, and, with my fears quieted, I was very cheery. The world was bright again. In my mind I was planning a little expedition to the foothills where the wild flowers grow. I had no trouble left. Given tolerable health, a man can get along. And now I was laughingly answering the doctor's question as to what method of doctoring obtained aboard the old square-rigged ships at sea, telling him how the skipper had two bottles, one of them for all pains below and the other for all pains above the waist. While he was laughing the nurse led in another patient; a thin, dark-featured, coal-haired little Portugee.

"Wait a bit," said my friend to me as he left the room in answer to a call. So I sat down to watch another man X-rayed.

His eyes taking in the mysterious apparatus, the Portugee looked inquiringly around the room.



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"Undress, please. Yes. Take off your clothes," said the nurse.

Not understanding, but seeing me half-dressed, he looked a question at me. I smiled reassuringly and nodded. "You'll be all right," said I. He took off his jacket. The nurse signed to him to go on undressing. I nodded again. "You'll be all right," said I. Altogether uncomprehending the meaning of things, he removed his old vest and a threadbare brown sweater. There he paused, and gave me an appealing look. Implying that we were two of a kind, I winked at him and grinned.

"Undress, please," said the nurse, her every moment busy. As he slowly and unwillingly took off the cheap clean white shirt of a laborer I saw what was troubling him. His undershirt being in rags, he was shy of poverty. He hid it under the pile of his other clothes and, at the nurse's behest, lay wonderingly, face down, on the table. Words being useless, we explained by gesture how he must breathe. He looked very helpless with his skinny arms at his sides, with his rough laborer's shoes crossed nervously one over the other. When the nurse had taken a picture of his chest the doctor came in again.

"Stand him up, and let's have a look at him," said the doctor. The nurse switched off the light again. The room went dark.

"Look here," called the doctor to me, and, as I stooped beside him, asked, "See that?"

Amid the ribs of the Portugee was a dark triangle, a clouded spot.

"Look at his collar bone," said the doctor. A dusky cloud obscured his collar bone.

"All right, nurse," said the doctor. The light came on. The Portugee's face was a complete blank. The doctor might have been a wizard, the nurse a witch.

"Alla right now?" asked the Portugee.

I winked at him. He conjured up a smile.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the doctor.

The little man shook his head, not understanding. Having noticed his fingers, I said, "Milk cows?" His face brightened. "Milk cows," said he with a swift smile. He put on his ragged undershirt, his old brown sweater, his rag-belying laborer's clean white shirt. The nurse led him away.

"He won't milk many more cows," said my friend to me.

To-day the Portugee is on his way to the T. B. hospital. To-day I am on my way to the foothills where the wild flowers bloom.

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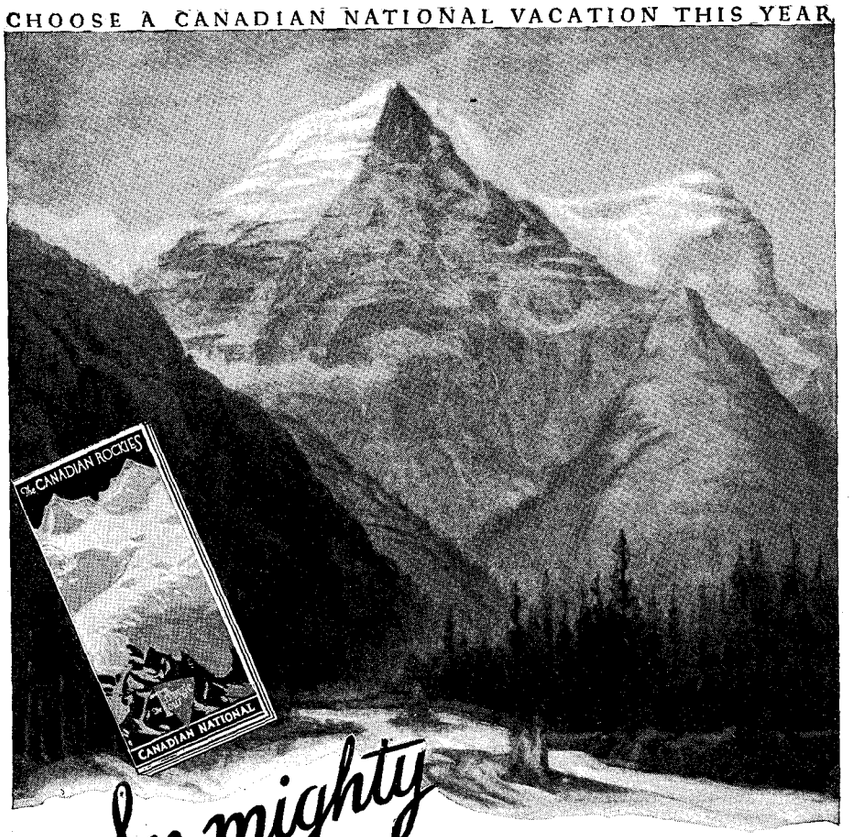

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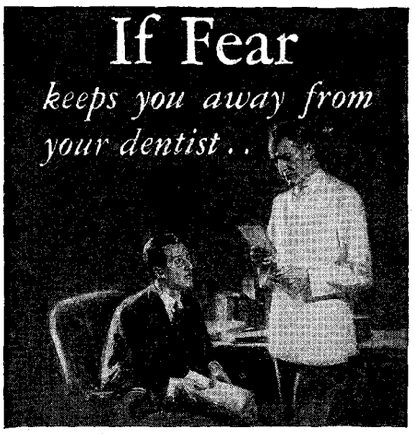

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

Phonograph Records

(Because of the unusual number of records issued this month, due to the Beethoven centennial, several reviews are postponed.)

SYMPHONY NO. 1, IN C (Beethoven). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir George Henschel. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

SYMPHONY NO. 3, IN E FLAT—EROICA (Beethoven). Played by Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In eleven parts, on six records, the twelfth part being Beethoven's Allegretto in E Flat. Victor.

SYMPHONY NO. 4, IN B FLAT (Beethoven). Played by Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamiltorn Harty. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

SYMPHONY NO. 5, IN C MINOR (Beethoven). Played by Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. In eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

SYMPHONY NO. 6, IN F—PASTORAL (Beethoven). Played by Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

This is an auspicious time in phonograph history to have such a thing as a Beethoven Centenary, for recording has now reached the stage when, with proper reproduction, it can do justice to a Beethoven symphony. Crescendos, dramatic chords and pauses, effects of orchestral power, no longer sound like the travesties of several years ago. The immediate benefit of this improvement is that the conductor's ideas can be transmitted with a fair amount of fidelity. In every one of the symphonies listed above there is enough character in the performance to make it enjoyable from that standpoint alone.

Of them, the First and Fourth are the most apt to be neglected. The First may not be cast in an epic mold, but it is as tuneful as a Sullivan operetta. Sir George Henschel is at his best in the light and airy second movement. The recording of the 'cellos there, when playing separately from the basses, is exceptionally good. Sir Hamilton Harty discourages his audience in the opening *adagio* of the Fourth Symphony by his dreadfully slow *tempo*, but soon swings into a brisk enough *allegro*. His interpretation is nothing memorable, but is fully adequate; his scherzo is especially charming. The orchestra stirs up a considerable echo—probably more than is heard in most concert halls. Those who are touchy about the degree of "room tone" will say there is too much.

Close on top of Sir Henry Wood's performance of the "Eroica" (Columbia) comes one by Albert Coates. Both do justice to the symphony, and it is difficult to decide between the two. Coates has too good a sense of showmanship not to keep the symphony moving forward at every moment. His performance remains on an evener keel than Sir Henry's—it makes the composer's music more constantly absorbing. Yet Sir Henry often obtains his effects with greater emphasis and precision. At the end of the finale, either Mr. Coates or the recording shows an insensitivity to changes in dynamics; as the orchestra swings into a *presto*, the score demands that the instruments be hushed down to a *pianissimo* to burst suddenly into a *fortissimo*. In the recording this contrast is not apparent.

Weingartner's Fifth Symphony challenges comparison with that of Sir Landon Ronald (Victor). In his training of the orchestra he has a distinct edge on Sir Landon. This fact is brought out sharply in the scherzo—especially in the trio, where Weingartner's double basses scrape through their lumbering themes with the precision of violins, instead of the usual muddiness. But in portraying the spirit of the symphony Sir Landon Ronald's reading seems to me distinctly ahead. Call his slow movement prosaic, if you will; at least it has more of that dignity and stateliness which the thematic material calls for than Weingartner's. And the finale bursts out with a jubilation that is fairly intoxicating, while Weingartner's last movement holds itself more to solemn grandeur. Yet this may be venturing too much into personal taste, and does not prevent Weingartner's from being a fine performance.

The "Pastoral Symphony" seems ideally suited to Weingartner. His reading is so in keeping with the music itself that it is all too easy to forget the conducting and heap all the praise on the composer. Beethoven seems to have found solid enjoyment in his bucolic melodies. I can think of no theme which he introduces with such sheer delight as the "Shepherd's Song" in the last movement—unless it be the "Hymn to Joy" in the Ninth Symphony. Does this prove that Beethoven is the Pollyanna of music? Incidentally, one phrase from the finale can be found intact in the second act of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers," with the words: "And to that end we've cross'd the main, and don't intend to return again!" The orchestra throughout is agile and responsive, the interpretation sound, the tone well balanced and true in timbre.

QUARTET NO. 2, IN G—Opus 18, No. 2 (Beethoven). Played by the Flonzaley Quartet. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

QUARTET NO. 16, IN F—Opus 135 (Beethoven). Played by the Flonzaley Quartet. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

A gap of approximately three decades separates these two quartets, Beethoven's second and last—which makes their recording by the Flonzaleys an interesting opportunity for comparison. The earlier work is direct, outspoken; the later one, subtle and mysterious, interrupted by bursts of bluntness. Is not the dramatic pronouncement of 'cello and viola in octaves in the finale almost Wagnerian? The Flonzaley Quartet contributes its usual warmth of playing. Its tone is recorded "life size" and is perfect in quality except for an occasional harshness in the first violin, for which the violinist and not the recording is probably responsible. In view of the excellence of these records, it is regrettable that they are in 10-inch size. Even 12-inch size requires often enough record changing. I should prefer to see the experiment of a 14-inch record tried.

KREUTZER SONATA, No. 9, in A Major, Opus 47 (Beethoven). Played by Bronislaw Huberman, violin, and Sigfried Schultze, piano. In six parts, on three records. Brunswick.

A faithful, spirited performance of this war-horse among Beethoven sonatas. Faithful, that is, except for two cuts of nineteen measures each in the second movement, and the failure to observe repeats in all but one instance. Menges and De Greef in their recording of this sonata for Victor omit only one repeat. Between the two sets there is a striking difference. Huberman's violin tone is clear and powerful, but the piano sounds as if it were played with the lid down and with a rug thrown over the top. In the Menges-De Greef version the piano is present in all its glory; the fault, if any, is that the violin does not hold up its share of the work. If only we could combine the recordings of Huberman and De Greef! The Huberman-Schultze performance substitutes for the

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suavity of the other version a fiery impetuosity.

SYMPHONY NO. 6—PATHETIQUE (Tchaikovsky). Played by Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In ten parts, on five records. Victor.

To any one who feels the urge to turn up his nose at the "Pathetique" this performance is recommended. It is superb—eloquent without becoming sugary, accurate without becoming dry. So true are balance, acoustic qualities, and tone coloring that the illusion of actually being at a concert is close. Coates manages to make the trombones sound as from a distance, which adds to the reality.

SPANISH CAPRICE (Rimsky-Korsakoff). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

A dazzling display of fireworks. There is much more that is Russian in it than there is Spanish, and it is offered with the flourish of a P. T. Barnum. The San Franciscans have both played and recorded it excellently. The orchestration fairly shimmers and sparkles in their hands—as it should.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG — Siegfried's Funeral March (Wagner). Played by Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

Another of the Coates series of orchestral selections from Wagner, fully up to standard. The orchestra's torrents of sound fairly snarl at you. Even if it had no other virtues, the record could stand on its feet as a *tour de force*.

IMPROMPTU IN A FLAT—Opus 142, No. 2 (Schubert); **ETUDE IN E MAJOR—Opus 10, No. 3** (Chopin). Played by Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor.

IMPROMPTU IN A FLAT—Opus 90, No. 4 (Schubert); **SARABANDE** (Bach). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor.

PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR (Rachmaninoff); **BLACK KEYS STUDY—Opus 10, No. 5; BUTTERFLY STUDY—Opus 25, No. 9** (Chopin). Played by Leopold Godowsky. Brunswick.

Both of the selections on Paderewski's program are contemplative, lyric pieces. He plays them with unusual restraint, yet almost with tenderness. Rachmaninoff has made a good choice in the Bach "Sarabande." His touch has a metallic hardness to it, yet lightness too. Godowsky plays the Chopin Etudes as if he enjoyed them thoroughly. His recording of the familiar "Prelude" emphasizes the richness and resonance of the pianoforte.

LOHENGRIN—Prelude to Act III; Wedding Music (Wagner). Played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. Brunswick.

A splendidly conducted Prelude to Act III. The trombones are reproduced with an unusually full, mellow tone. But in the *fortissimo* higher tones there is still that shrilliness, harshness, almost a roar, that is noticeable in some of the past Cleveland recordings.

ROMANCE IN F (Beethoven). Played by Jacques Thibaud. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

Beethoven in a melodious frame of mind, played with a crystal-clear violin tone and with an intelligent treatment of both violin and piano.

Piano Rolls

ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS, Opus 18, No. 5 (Beethoven). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo Art.

Since the whole world this past month has been groping for anything or everything by Beethoven, it may not be amiss to bring a work of this sort to light. Although it is not always as inspired as Bauer's playing might lead you to think, it has its charming moments.

MOONLIGHT SONATA, Opus 27, No. 2—Second and Third Movements (Beethoven). Played by Josef Lhévinne. Ampico.

In the *allegretto* the pianist gets off to a poor start, using a jerky, hesitant *tempo* in an effort to be expressive. The last movement he plays more naturally, and therefore more enjoyably.

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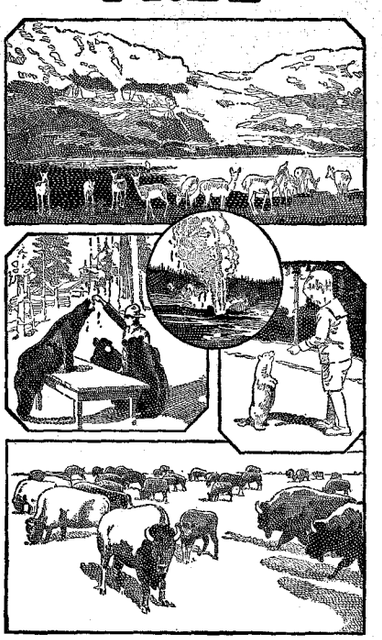

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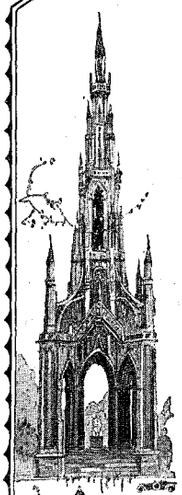

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Ask Me All You Like

EDUCATED people often take a dismal view of the state of public intelligence. They cite what they call the stream of shoddy novels, the sex magazines, the sensational newspapers. Then they wring their hands and ask in hollow tones what the world is coming to. Bad boys who run away from home or try their hands at highway robbery do not lay the blame on dime novels, as their fathers used to do; it is more fashionable to-day to go wrong because of the movies. But many folk are convinced, as they were in the days of Homer, that the world is going to the dogs, and that this is due in great part to the defective education of the masses.

I have heard grave and earnest ladies and gentlemen discuss with horror the appalling spectacle of a "shop-girl" with a tabloid newspaper, or a young man reading a novel which "glorified crime." If the shop-girl could only turn her attention to Marcel Proust, and if the young man would study the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, things would be much better.

There is justification for a little of this sadness, but much of it is probably unnecessary. If I were asked to name the most debasing things which appear in print to-day, I would plump for the tabloid newspapers. They are seldom wicked, but they are, in varying degrees, silly and vulgar. They do not glorify crime, but, like the work of many better people, they frequently make the whole human race seem offensive.

All other forms of reading matter have improved. The best-sellers of to-day are almost invariably better literature than the best-sellers of thirty years ago, and far better than the best-sellers of sixty years ago. (In discussing popular novels it has to be remembered that there are usually two kinds of best-sellers coexistent—good ones and cheap ones. Sixty years ago Dickens was a living best-seller. But so were writers like Mrs. Southworth and her clan. The latter type has improved.) The popular magazines are immensely better than they used to be. Compare, for instance, the "Saturday Evening Post" with the "Fireside Companions" of the '70's.

It is a cheerful sign of an increase in intelligence when amusements become intelligent. When a diversion attracts well-educated persons as well as thousands of others far from learned, when it sweeps over the country and becomes a craze, the fact is not only amusing but encouraging. It was noticeable that cross-word puzzles seemed to attract laborers as well as college professors, girls of narrow education as well as highbrows. The much-abused shop-girl was often seen trying to figure out a word in seven letters which formed the name of a Greek coin.

The question books[1] and the columns of questions in the newspapers and magazines are another proof that education has widened people's interest in all kinds of knowledge and made the mere search for information a form of tolerable amusement. Some of the questions are denounced by the highbrow as trivial, and by the lowbrow as dull, uninteresting, and unimportant. Persons take superfluous pains to prove that a failure to get even five per cent on one of these tests is no indication that the man so failing may not be a useful and well-instructed practitioner of his own art or craft. The fact remains, however, that the man or woman who gets a good mark in one of these tests is apt to be well informed, and a generally agreeable person with whom to converse.

To some who have tried these tests there will come a recollection of the antiquated game of Authors, which, although played with cards, used to be permitted in families even on Sundays, when the wickeder cards (covered with spades, hearts, clubs, or diamonds) would have been thought instruments of the devil. Others remember the old schoolboy question, "Who chased whom how many times around the walls of what?" Already the questionnaires have been parodied (a sign of popularity) in such queries as, "What is the middle name of Chief Justice William Howard Taft?"

Probably no better parody has been written than that contributed by Mr. Tom Geraghty to the Conning Tower of the New York "World." Mr. Geraghty pretends that he tried a quiz on Lorelei, the heroine of "Gentlemen Prefer

[1] Ask Me Another! The Question Book. Compiled by Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty. With a Preface by Robert Benchley. The Viking Press, New York. $1.60.

Answer This One: Questions for Everybody. Compiled by Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.) and Harry Hansen. Edward J. Clode, Inc., New York. $1.50.

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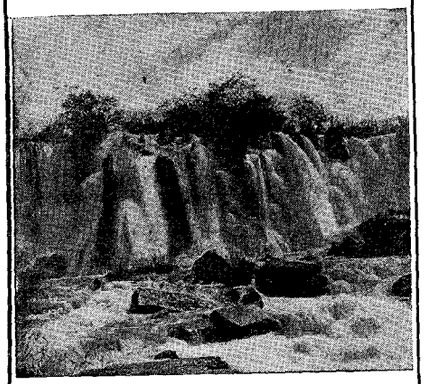

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Blondes." The whole list is printed in "Answer This One," by Messrs. Adams and Hansen. It is especially pleasing because it permits us to look into Lorelei's mind and see its wheels revolve. Here are a few of the questions and her answers:

Q. What was the Diet of Worms?
A. Weeds, grass, and dirt.
Q. What is a centaur?
A. A hundred years.
Q. How do kangaroos carry their young?
A. Very well.
Q. What is the Tyrol?
A. A very cross man who makes everybody knuckle down.
Q. What is a bittern?
A. A cold day.
Q. What is manna?
A. Spanish word for "to-morrow."
Q. What is a martingale?
A. A lovely song bird.
Q. Where do the Hottentots live?
A. At home.
Q. What is a pogrom?
A. Something you can't tell the players without.

E. P.

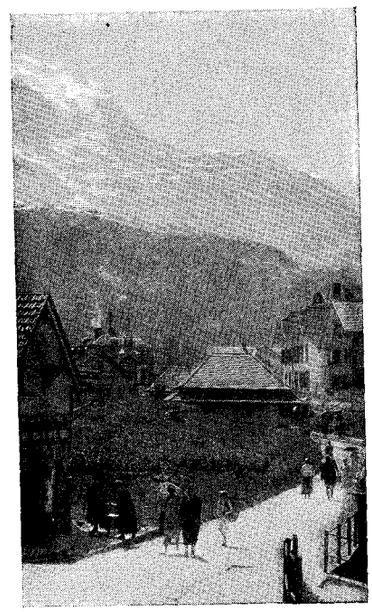
Fiction

BLACK APRIL. By Julia Peterkin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

Mrs. Peterkin's novel is advertised as extraordinary, and, as the information is added that it portrays Negro life on an isolated South Carolina plantation and that no white person appears in the book, one concedes the adjective without question. That, certainly, is extraordinary; even novels concerned predominantly with the Negro deal with him usually in his relations with the white race; it is indeed from those relations that they commonly draw their basic drama and most poignant tragedy.

April, a Negro of magnificent physique, an able farmer, and a man of natural authority, is plantation manager for an absentee white landlord. He is a step above the other Negroes on the estate, but only a step. He is less superstitious than they—he is willing personally to spray the boll weevils with poison every season, when the others regard that work as interfering perilously with the providences of God—but he shares their attitude of primitive simplicity toward life and their easy-going morality. He is, indeed, a tribal chief of many women. Only Uncle Isaac, who has fifty-two, has more children than he.

From this man's life, the lives of the men and women with which it is entwined, and the grotesquely piteous tragedy of its close Mrs. Peterkin has made a remarkable and enthralling novel. Putting aside its most obvious point of excellence—its penetrating, illuminating presentation of Negro life as such—it possesses one admirable quality which is likely to be taken for granted, at least until after escape from the immediate domination of the book. This is the manner in which, while moving with an ease and freedom which seem entirely unhampered among careless morals, primitive passions, crude, violent, or ludicrous incidents, and matters frankly physical, the story is never repellent, and preserves always a curious essential dignity. For one thing, while there is humor, it is under strict control; it is present as a mellowing influence, but never overstressed in



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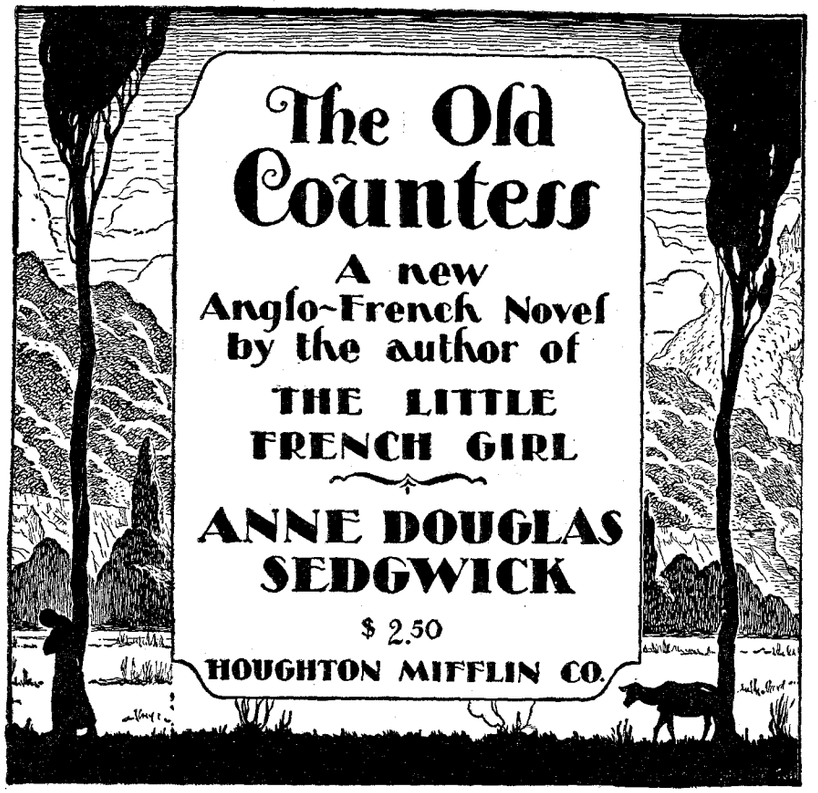

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such purely comic scenes as would tempt the pen of a less artistic writer using the same material. Whether "Black April" will conquer such a public as it deserves it would be difficult to foretell, but it is good reading for white Americans and black and for lovers of good literature anywhere.

THE NEW POOR. By Clarissa Fairchild Cushman. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

If this is a first novel, it is not a bad attempt. We are all "New Poor" since the war, except those blest with inherited fortunes. Soaring post-war prices have sent the professional class nearly to the wall. This book is, as the jacket says, wholesome and honest. Though neither situation nor characters are in the least unusual and David is too good to be true, it is full of genuine feeling. The family life and tone is portrayed by one who could only do it adequately because of years of life spent in a beloved circle. While Margaret, the heroine, is not always sharply enough defined, the elder sister, Harriet, is—as a very delightful person, and one who could give advice knowing the value of it. The characters and jargon of the magazine office are excellent, and Mrs. Carlyle, in spite of brief appearances, one of the best-done bits. Sue is delicious; in the beginning raising a ruction in the office and stamping on Mr. Anders's feet. Towards the end she fades off into very thin unreality indeed. The financial struggle of Margaret and David is tense enough, and Margaret's solution natural. The story has plenty of snap and sparkle and goes brightly and easily.

SHOOT. By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

"Are you ready? Shoot!" In answer to this command, shouted by the Italian moving-picture directorate, Serafino Gubbio, cinematograph operator for the Kosmograph Company, turns the handle of his camera. As his camera records the drama of the play on yards of film, so Gubbio records in his note-book an actual drama of the studio, stranger than any drama previously known to filmdom.

By suicide, shooting, and the claws of a tiger, three men die through love of a beautiful screen star, La Nestoroff. The end of one, Aldo Nuti, is somewhat like that of "the young lady of Niger."

"Shoot" is artistically interesting, in having caught the rushing *tempo* and the feeling of high pitch about the moving-picture industry. These notes of Serafino Gubbio tell an exotic story in brief flashes, but mainly they are the philosophical reflections of a soul from the outside looking on, as apart from its fellows as the camera is from its subject; the revolt of an artist against the grinding mechanism of an ever-increasingly mechanical world.

Sociology

AMERICAN LABOR AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By William English Walling. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

This is a treatment of the social aims and principles of organized labor in America as exemplified by the policies of the American Federation of Labor. These policies, Mr. Walling believes, are a product of domestic conditions and of labor's contest on the industrial field, and have been little affected, except negatively, by dogmas and theories imported from Europe. Labor's policies make for a form of social democracy, but a form which differs radically from what is generally understood by the term Socialism. The class struggle in its orthodox sense has no part in these policies, nor has public ownership *per se*. Labor makes no war on capital, but demands an increasing participation in the management of industry. The leaders of labor, Mr. Walling believes, look to a time when government will be controlled by

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economic organizations rather than by political parties; when the chief branches of government will be, not legislative, judicial, and executive, but industrial, commercial, agricultural, financial, and transportational, and when labor will fully share with capital in the determination of all the questions arising in these various fields. It is a book that will well repay a close reading.

Travel

CANADA. The Great River, the Lands and the Men. By Marion I. Newbigin. With Maps and Illustrations. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $4.

A Scotch traveler visits Canada, studies its history, its people, and its problems, and tells with intelligence and charm what he has seen and read. The historical part virtually closes with the conquest and the peace of 1763, the English period being only briefly sketched. The author is a student and a close observer, and, moreover, is in love with his subject—three factors which make for a readable book. One who is looking for an introduction in print to our neighbor of the north will assuredly find it in this excellent study.

Religion

WHAT CHRIST MEANS TO ME. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

No modern life has better illustrated the fact that Christ's command was "Follow Me," not "Comprehend Me," than that of the famous "Labrador Doctor," whom we all know and love. That Dr. Grenfell's devoted career, however, has all been in obedience to Christ's command the present small book reminds us again. The author recalls appealingly what the teachings of Jesus have meant in his life—from the unconscious and formal religion of a public school boy, through a young physician's generous earnestness; a decisive moment under the spell of Moody; and, finally, the well-known years when the practical application of Christ's teachings has formed the motive for an unusually useful and distinctive life. That the discipleship has been not only of great help to others but a great happiness to Dr. Grenfell the reader feels sure. A mother's quiet religion was to the writer, as it has been to so many others, the background of all his good works. Though all too short, this is a winning presentation of the working of practical Christianity.

Politics and Government

CHINA AND THE POWERS. By Henry Kittredge Norton. The John Day Company, New York. $4.

This publication is pat to the needs of the hour. Mr. Norton is one of our most competent authorities on China, and here he has outdone himself. The book is remarkably accurate, judicious, lucid, and interesting. The more important aspects of the stupendous Chinese problem are adequately treated; the general reader is provided with precisely the Celestial pabulum he requires. He is given a real feel of a most fascinating drama, as fascinating as any ever enacted on this planet. We recommend the volume with scarcely any mental reservations.

CAUSES OF WAR AND THE NEW REVOLUTION. By Tell A. Turner. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $2.

Mr. Turner hates war and would inspire a like hate in the rest of mankind. He summarizes the causes, the conduct, and the results of some sixty principal wars of the last 350 years. His grand aim is to show the insufficiency or absurdity or wickedness of the causes of war and the general futility of its results. Only a man of supreme genius of a peculiar kind could adequately have summarized so vast a

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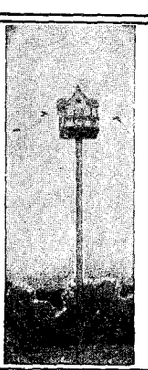

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matter in so brief a compass (175 meager pages); Mr. Turner's summarization is inadequate, jejune, uninteresting. He ends with the expression of his conviction that development of a world pacific sentiment ("the new revolution") has doomed war. The argument is thin and unconvincing. The book does more credit to the author's heart than to his head.

History

THE NEGRO IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF VIRGINIA. By Alrutheus Ambush Taylor, A.M. The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Washington. $2.

The benefaction of the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Fund is responsible for this interesting volume, detailing as it does the complexities following the conclusion of the civil conflict and the readjustment of the relations between the freed slaves and their former masters. On the whole the book reveals a creditable story on both sides. The white people in Virginia proved sensible in the main, and Negroes who improved their standards progressed. The "horrors" of reconstruction sat lightly on both black and white in Virginia, and the outcome was rather better than could have been expected.

Books Received

THE LETTERS. By St. Basil. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

NEW TACTICS IN SOCIAL CONFLICT. Edited by Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas. The League for Industrial Democracy, New York.

CONCERNING THE INNER LIFE. By Evelyn Underhill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

MOTOR WEST. By Caroline Rittenberg. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

INTEGRITY IN EDUCATION. By George Norlin. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

THE VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS. By Lewis Adams Maverick. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $2.50.

FORESTS AND SEA POWER. By Robert G. Albion. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $5.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF RURAL LIFE. By Horace Boies Hawthorn. The Century Company, New York. $3.75.

KIDDUSH HASHEM: AN EPIC OF 1648. By Sholom Ash. The Jewish Publication Society of America. Philadelphia.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN CAPITALISM. By John A. Hobson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY AND SOME ASPECTS OF FASCISM. By the Hon. Tommaso Tittoni. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton Kent & Co., Ltd., London. 10s. 6d.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER. By Nelle Richmond Eberhart. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

PRACTICE OF MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION. By Lent D. Upson. The Century Company, New York. $4.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH RUCKER LAMAR. By Clarinda Pendleton Lamar. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

GERMAN COLONIZATION, PAST AND FUTURE. By Heinrich Schnee. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD. By Welthy Honsinger Fisher. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.50.

THE ISLAND MAIL. By Clarice N. Detzer. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

THE UNIVERSITY AFIELD. By Alfred L. Hall-Quest. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LYCEUMS, CHAUTAUQUAS. By John S. Noffsinger. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

SEEKING THE MIND OF CHRIST. By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming R. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN HISTORY. By Robert W. McLaughlin. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.50.

BENJAMIN GARVER LAMME: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT. By F. W. Ogilvie. The Oxford University Press, New York. 50c.

ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE. By Guy E. Tripp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

LIGHT MY CANDLE. By Henry van Dyke and Tertius van Dyke. The Fleming R. Revell Company, New York. $2.

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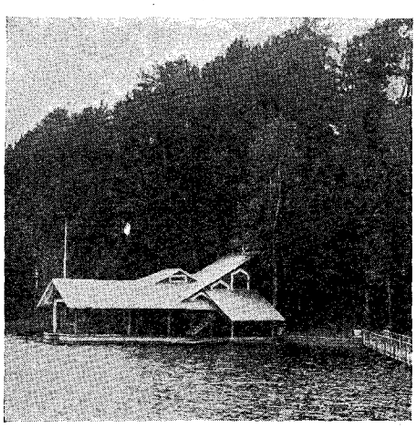

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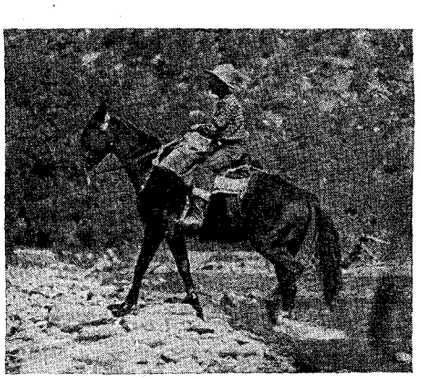

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WOMAN, about thirty, to drive Studebaker, help in gardens. Particulars through correspondence. Box 457, New Canaan, Conn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE young Swiss engineer wishes position. 7,627, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 23, desires position as governess. References. 7,644, Outlook.

COMPANION, assist housekeeping, secretarial duties, chaperon grown children, or similar position sought by young English gentlewoman (widow, last 5 years this country), about middle of June, with family spending summer months either seashore, mountains, or West. 7,638, Outlook.

COMPANION, chaperon, native French woman, speaks English. Will travel. References. 7,594, Outlook.

COMPANION. Refined, middle-aged, Christian woman, adaptable personality; care for elderly or semi-invalid lady. Would cook simple meals. City or country or would travel. 3,888, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary, by well-educated young lady in July. Capable, willing. Successful experience. Best references. 7,642, Outlook.

DESIRING position to travel—cultured woman, registered nurse, with secretarial experience. References given and requested. Miss B. B. McCormick, 3416 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXECUTIVE housekeeper. High grade woman, 50, practical dietitian with institutional and private home experience, desires position, school, club, girls' home, or large private home. 7,647, Outlook.

HOUSE manager. Lady, middle age, capable, highly recommended, educated, experienced, wants position, institution, gentleman's estate, club, hotel. 7,637, Outlook.

LADY of culture, refinement, desires position, chaperon, companion. Excellent pianist. Would travel. 7,633, Outlook.

MATRON — institution, home for girls, school, companion, housekeeper bachelor or widower's home or apartment, by an experienced American woman. 7,630, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, northern New Jersey. Highest references. 7,624, Outlook.

PRIMARY teacher desires summer position as governess, mother's helper, companion. 7,620, Outlook.

SMITH college junior would like position for summer as tutor or companion. Fond of children. Will travel. Address Box 33, Greenwich, Conn.

STENOGRAPHER desires position as companion and secretary to lady who travels extensively. 7,622, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY graduate, normal and part college, desires position as companion, personality, desires summer travel. Excellent reference. Excellent

UNIVERSITY graduate, as tutor during summer. 7,611, Outlook.

WANTED, by girl, position in family of invalid. Good home desired, salary. City or country. traveling. References.

WIDOW, forty-one, college graduate, traveled, at present teaching, would like position in any capacity in New England for the summer and possibly permanently. 7,593, Outlook.

WOMAN of refinement would like position in small private family, seamstress or helping out in home. 7,640, Outlook.

WOMAN, well recommended, desires position as mother's assistant and companion. 7,623, Outlook.

YOUNG high school teacher, Harvard graduate, wants position as tutor or traveling companion for the summer. 7,634, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, educated, secretarial experience, would accompany person traveling in Europe during summer. Has traveled extensively. Fluent knowledge of French. 7,641, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NEW England country home with careful moral and spiritual training offered for little girl. $85 monthly. 7,608, Outlook.

WANTED—A permanent boarder. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY professor going abroad for summer would take charge of one or two boys. 7,639, Outlook.

By the Way

ANOTHER intriguing problem which was originated by Richard Henry Little:

Deposit $50 in your bank, and make the following withdrawals:

First,	$20, leaving balance of	$30
Second,	$15, leaving balance of	$15
Third,	$9, leaving balance of	$6
Fourth,	$6, leaving balance of	0
	$50	$51

Try and get the extra dollar!

"Until last month," writes D. L. H., "I regarded Texas as our outstanding he-State. But while traveling through that section I found a number of cafeteria-groceries operating under the name of Helpy-Selfy Stores."

The ten most popular novels published since the war, according to a survey made by the "Publishers' Weekly," are (1) "Main Street," Lewis; (2) "If Winter Comes," Hutchinson; (3) "The Sheik," Hull; (4) "So Big," Ferber; (5) "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Blasco-Ibañez; (6) "Little French Girl," Sedgwick; (7) "Brimming Cup," Canfield; (8) "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Loos; (9) "Black Oxen," Atherton; (10) "Recreation of Brian Kent," Wright. Popularity is fixed by the sales these books have enjoyed. The survey reveals that popular fiction preference has been for the action story. The showing marks a triumph for the American author, only two of the ten being foreigners.

From London "Opinion:"

Wife (to sick husband): "Well, there's one thing, 'Erb. Wot with 'ot poultices every two hours and yer med'cine every three, the days'll soon pass."

"Why did you refuse the job of president of the company?"

"There was no chance for advancement."

From "Punch:"

Political agent: "Well, Mackinton, I hear you voted against us at the election. I can't understand your being a Conservative."

Mac: "Weel, ye ken, ma faither was yin, an' ma gran'faither was yin, an' ma great-gran'faither afore that."

Agent: "Ah—and what if your father had been an idiot, and your grandfather an idiot, and your great-grandfather?"

Mac: "Weel, then, sir, I micht hae been a Liberal."

A study of a random group of twenty adults, when reading to themselves at their ordinary rates, showed that their reading speeds varied from 2.5 to 9.8 words per second.

A study of 4,619 business concerns to determine the causes of business failure has been made by the A. W. Shaw Company, of Chicago. This survey indicates that eight out of every ten concerns that start in business fail within thirty years. Lack of capital is given as one of the chief reasons. Over seventy-five per cent of the businesses of the country net less than $5,000 annually. Over-buying is given as another main reason. Over-buying frequently results from over-selling. Failure to keep abreast of the best in business practice, inadequate accounting and ignorance of costs and profit margins, poor locations, etc., are given as other important causes for failure.

An analysis of "deaths" among 492 concerns yielded the following causes: (1) Handling inadequately advertised lines; (2) failure to advertise; (3) over-buying; (4) lack of supply of private brands; (5) indiscriminate extension of credit; (6) failure to foresee changes in style; (7) poor collection methods; (8) unwillingness to help the retailer.

The prophet Nahum, looking down the vista of twenty-six centuries, evidently caught this vision of the automobile of our day when he wrote:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." —Nahum ii. 4.

"Undoubtedly personal liberty is a good thing," believes the Dallas "News," "but we don't like to ride with a driver who is full of it."

There was a young fellow named Lloyd,
Who was seldom, if ever, annoyed;
And though you might choke him,
You couldn't provoke him,
His *sang* was so terribly *froid*.

From the "Christian Science Monitor:"

British citizen (at touring agent's): "I want you to recommend a nice quiet little seaside place in France—but mind, it must be thoroughly English!"

The actual (not press-agented) salary of George Marion, Jr., who writes sub-titles for the movies, is said to be $2,250 per week fifty-two weeks in the year.

Middle-Westerners have been heard to remark, "Talking movies are nothing new at our theaters."

Can you complete the following homily? The ten blanks are to be filled with the same six letters. Answer next week.

When thou dost —— to the Lenten sermon directed at the —— to the soul, be —— and see that it —— the spiritual light. Forego all glitter and —— and —— not get the upper hand, —— the holy season thou go astray; for the season ——. Thus —— thou thy spiritual nest most edifyingly and dost thou —— thyself as a good Christian.

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By the Way

ER in a large Jewish school received the following excuse from an absentee—an example of phonetic spelling brought into use:

"Hymen. E ad a adek."

"Every community," says the San Francisco "Chronicle," "has at least one man who isn't good for anything except to see the other fellow's duty."

From the "Christian Advocate:"

Of socialism I have heard
And bolshevism, too;
And communism oft has stirred
My heart to fears anew.

But now these words no longer move
My feelings and appall.
These various "isms" always prove
But "wasms," after all.

Some similes, gathered by E. V. Lucas, of "Punch." First, inverted ones: "As inconspicuous as a new filling station;" "as thrilling as a phonograph record of a Liberty Loan speech;" "as welcome as a creaking floor to a burglar;" "as calm and collected as a man with St. Vitus's dance walking a tight-rope over Niagara Falls in a hurricane." Modern developments yield plenty of material, as: "Peaceably inclined as a heavyweight champion;" "his face was as red as a picture-house exit bulb;" "as incredible as a bankrupt bootlegger;" "no more effect than another new law;" "as nervous as a jelly-fish on a Ford fender;" "as necessary as the black squares in a cross-word puzzle;" "as small as a night-club dancing floor;" "as empty as an abandoned golf course."

From "Capper's Weekly:"

The mother was ill. The doctor came, and small Emily looked on wonderingly as he used the stethoscope. "What station is he trying to get, mother?" she asked, when she could no longer contain her curiosity.

"A detour," according to the "Christian Science Monitor," "is the roughest distance between two points."

One of the signs that spring is here is the conversations overheard in the street cars: "I simply have to have a new ——," "I saw the most adorable new ——," "If I dyed my old ——," "There is a big sale on down at ——," "I thought I'd get ——," "Do you like those ——?" "I must get a new set of furs," etc., etc.

A recent study of the relative efficiency of night and day forces of industrial workers reveals the fact that night workers now accomplish within ten per cent of the volume of work turned out by the day workers. A few years ago the night force were rated as only sixty per cent as efficient as the day staff. The night workers used to be considered much less intelligent than day workers. Night forces were largely made up of men who could not qualify for day-time jobs. The great improvement in night work is attributed to two causes: (1) The improvement in lighting arrangement. Large factories are now so well lighted at night by artificial light that a man's efficiency is not impaired. (2) Daytime amusements—movies, vaudeville, baseball, automobiling, etc., have made the daylight hours so attractive to workers that they no longer offer objections to night jobs.

Don C. Seitz, in The Outlook for January 26, 1927, started it this way:

I should like to live at ease
Somewhere in the Caribbees
Where the waving palm trees grow
And the cheery trade winds blow.

Where the sunshine rules the sky
And no gray clouds whistle by;
Dream of youth and things that please,
Somewhere in the Caribbees!

Don Stephen, of Tucson, Arizona, continued it this way:

If you wish to live at ease
Go not to the Caribbees.
Come to Arizona high,
Close up to the clear blue sky.

Where the sun shines every day,
Never goes a week away.
Dream or work or golf or ride;
Here at Tucson ever 'bide.

Now comes the following from Flora Goss Willis, a native Vermonter, who dates her letter at Bon Air, Virginia:

Wherefore seek a life of ease
In the West or Caribbees
When Vermont calls from her hills,
With delight the bosom fills?

Greater joy in work is found
Wringing treasure from the ground
Than in dreaming 'neath the trees
Even in the Caribbees.

And the following from H. J. Y., who does not write from Helena, but from New York City:

You may go to live in Tucson
If the ties of life you'd loosen,
But the sun shines always there
With a blinding, smarting glare,
While the wind with awful gust
Fills the mouth and eyes with dust.

Would you live in the best manner,
Live in Helena, Montan*er!*

With all this discussion concerning tabloids, it might be well to recall the saying of an English Tory statesman of Lord Northcliffe. "Having made one paper for people who could not think," he commented, "he made another for people who could not read."

From "Life:"

Prominent banker (concluding his little chat with the ship-news reporters): "And as for the foreign-debt situation, I believe that Secretary Mellon has handled the matter in a masterly fashion. If you don't agree with me, I should be glad to answer any questions you may have in mind."

Tabloid reporter: "Is it true that your wife is contemplating divorce?"

"Rastus, your dog seems to be in pain."

"No, suh, he ain't in pain—he's just lazy."

"But surely he must be suffering, or he wouldn't howl like that."

"Jes' plumb laziness, jes' laziness; he's sittin' on a thistle."

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete the anagram sent in by Grace E. V. Emerson, of Newark, New York. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

Pray do not —— with bended head:
Your —— are wasted on the dead.
This sinner, who is lying low,
—— fairly well for all you know.
Let, mid the ——, one —— seed;
'Tis all the marker that I need.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Listen," "inlets," "silent," "lets in," "tinsel," "let sin," "lest in," "is Lent," "linest," "enlist."

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—H. L. Mencken.

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